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LONDON BY MOONLIGHT MISSION.

THE

LONDON BY MOONLIGHT MISSION:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF MIDNIGHT CRUISES ON THE STREETS OF LONDON

DURING THE LAST THIRTEEN YEARS,

BY

LIEUT. JOHN BLACKMORE, R.N.

WITH

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.

Matt. xxv. 31—46.

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BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

LIEUT. JOHN BLACKMORE, R.N.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

"Though to weak, short-sighted man,
All uncertain seems each plan;
Each event God's will ordains,
Fix'd immutably remains:
Not one link in life's long chain,
Can be lost or wrought in vain."

John Blackmore was born in the year 1815, at Lyme Regis, a lovely spot situated near the sea coast. He was the youngest son of a family of six, having two brothers and three sisters. His father, a gentleman of education, was much esteemed by all who knew him, for his amiability of temper and sterling integrity. His mother was a lady of no ordinary capacity, possessing those qualifications necessary to the effectual discharge of parental duties, and which endear the recollection of her honoured name to her surviving children.

During the great storm of 1824, when "The Cob" at Lyme Regis was destroyed, our young friend had a narrow escape of his life. The house in which the family resided being situated on the beach, the sea was making a clean sweep over it, into the adjacent street. John was asleep in his bed, on the upper floor. His father being alarmed for his safety, ran up stairs and took him out of his bed. Not two minutes afterwards, the tall kitchen chimney fell,

with a tremendous crash, through the roof, on the bed where he had been sleeping. Not long after this, the house was set on fire by an explosion which took place in a druggist's shop, next door. The family, however, escaped unhurt; but were compelled to remove to temporary lodgings.

Thus did God graciously watch over this household; proving how true are the words of the Lord Jesus, who said, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God. But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."

The instruction imparted by godly parents, and above all, their own exemplary conduct, was not without its beneficial effects on John; who took great delight in the companionship of his youngest sister — a girl of sweet disposition and eminent piety — who manifested much anxiety for the spiritual welfare of her brother. Many were the happy hours they spent together, rambling on the sea shore, or amidst the beautiful hills and dales of Lyme Regis; and often, during those walks, did she speak to him of the love of Jesus.

Their happiness, however, was broken in upon by the death of their much-loved father, when John was only twelve years old. This bereavement

brought about a variety of changes in domestic arrangements, which, under an over-ruling providence, directed his future career. Shortly after this event the family came to reside in London; when John became the subject of much anxious thought, as to what occupation should be selected for him. At this juncture, a cousin (a captain in the Royal Navy) proposed that he should join the naval service. The prospects of promotion to rank, fame, and wealth, were held up prominently, and did not fail to fill the breast of John with unholy aspirations, and induce him to accept the proposal, after but two days' deliberation. His fond sister before alluded to was overwhelmed with grief. She entreated him not to go to sea — arguing that he would soon be far away from the sound of the gospel, amidst ungodly companions, and exposed to dangers and temptations too strong for his tender years. But her entreaties were in vain; for though so young, that decision of character which has so remarkably characterized his after-life, would not suffer him to be shaken in his purpose. Application was made to the Admiralty, and an appointment obtained in a line-of-battle ship, the R——, then lying in the Downs; and on the 30th of June, 1829, with many tears, he bade farewell to relations, and friends, and the home he loved. Thus was our young friend launched on the wide ocean of life at the age of thirteen.

For some time John's heart was considerably pained at the conversation and habits of his messmates. The pious injunctions of his parents, and fragments of sermons preached by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, (whose ministry, in company with his mother, he attended during their residence in London), came with freshness to his mind; and frequently did these reflections restrain him from many excesses indulged in by his companions. But all this gradually wore off. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Nor did any one advise him, or warn him of the dangers to which he was exposed. On Sundays, a part of the Church of England service and a short sermon was read in the morning; and then the remainder of the day was spent in sinful pleasures. It is therefore not to wondered at, that John soon became as reckless as his companions.

On the 11th of November, 1830, our young friend was appointed to a fine frigate going abroad. One day only was allowed him to visit and take leave of his friends. That was a visit long to be remembered; for it was the last time he ever saw his much-loved sister. On that occasion she wept bitterly, and prayed most earnestly for her young brother, whom she was pained to observe had become very deeply entangled in the snares of Satan. The next day he left London to join his ship at Portsmouth, and

a few days later they set sail. Words would fail to describe the emotions that agitated the breast of our young sailor, as he gazed upon the cliffs which encircled the abodes of those who were dear to him. He thought of Lyme Regis, and of the admonitions of his dear departed father. He thought of his beloved mother, whom he had just left — who, though she kissed him fondly many times, and smiled upon him, as he departed; yet it was not the old approving smile he used to behold; but there was an anxious expression on her countenance, which caused him to reflect, that she must have observed the change that had taken place in his manners. He thought, too, of his beloved sister, of her tears and prayers on his behalf; and he began to wish he had never joined the service. But, like "the morning cloud and the early dew," these good impressions passed away. The giddy songs of the young midshipmen soon dispelled his sorrow; and amid the mirth and ribaldry of a sea life the whole time was passed till the vessel arrived at Rio Janeiro.

John had now been three years at sea. But during the whole of that time he had not once been spoken to personally concerning his soul's eternal interests, save in letters from home. Solemn events had occurred on board; many a young man, who, one day was rejoicing in his strength, the next day was con-

signed to the deep, with the usual impressive ceremonies; which, though soon forgotten, seldom failed to speak to the conscience of our young friend; for God is "gracious, and longsuffering, slow to anger, and of great mercy"; and "speaketh once, yea, twice: yet man perceiveth it not."

On the 16th of April the vessel left Rio with a party of artillery, and after a pleasant trip arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, from whence she sailed to the Mauritius. Here they spent several months in incessant gaiety. But while thus occupied, the ship was suddenly ordered to return to the Cape. The scene now became greatly changed. Our young sailor, during the few years he had been at sea, had endured many storms; but now he had to encounter one exceedingly terrific — a storm which not only made the inexperienced tremble, but also the hardened blasphemer to cease his oaths, and call upon God for mercy, believing it impossible that the ship could outride the storm. How forcibly do the words of Scripture depict such a scene! "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger

like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves therefore are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven." While the storm lasted, the distress of mind of our young friend was truly great; and once more he resolved, if spared, to amend his ways. Believing, too, that his companions were sincere in their vows, he doubted not they would all henceforth lead a new life. But no sooner had the storm subsided, than these good resolutions passed away;—the gracious God, upon whom they had called so earnestly in their distress, was forgotten; and instead of praising Him for his mercy, the gloom was dispelled by vulgar songs. So entirely had John, at this time, given himself up to the pleasures of the world, that he would endure any fatigue, or hazard any danger, to indulge his carnal desires; and on arriving at Simon's Bay, he rode twenty miles, in company with some of his ship-mates, to attend a ball, returning the next morning.

While the ship was lying in Simon's Bay, the conscience of our young friend was again aroused by an event strikingly illustrative of the solemn truth expressed in the burial service of the Church of England,—that "in the midst of life we are in

death." The clerk of the ship, a healthy-looking and promising young man, was taken ill, and conveyed to the hospital. His disease was rapid consumption, brought on by a cold caught through lying on the deck to cool himself; and, like most persons afflicted with that treacherous disease, while he was sinking rapidly beneath its destructive progress, he fancied he was getting better—resolved to return to the ship and resume his duties—had new clothes made for the occasion; but on the day they were ready he died, and was buried the next. Close upon this, another event happened, which nearly cost our young friend his life. One night, while going on shore in the jolly boat, it being very dark, and a strong wind blowing, the boat struck upon a rock. All their efforts to stop the leak were fruitless; and in a few minutes she went down; all, however, succeeded in swimming to shore, though with much difficulty. Thus did God repeatedly remind him of his unfitness for death; and at the same time watch over and preserve him,—that, by and by, he might be "a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use."

John had now seen six years of active service, having served in five different ships of the line. On the 28th of December, 1835, he passed an examination, and received a certificate, declaring him to be

qualified to serve as a lieutenant in His Majesty's fleet. In this new capacity he obtained an appointment to a line-of-battle ship bound for Lisbon; and subsequently sailed to the West Indies: from whence he was ordered home. His stay in England, however, was very short; but during this visit he became attached to a young lady, which resulted in their marriage; and by whom the Lord has blest him with nine children, eight of whom are living. One week after his marriage, he was ordered to the Mediterranean, to take part in the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre. Immediately after the victory he returned to Malta, where he took apartments for himself and wife; but he had not been there a week, when he was ordered to Suda Bay, in consequence of a disturbance between the Turks and mountaineers. Shortly after this, important private business compelled him to return to England.

His next appointment was to the C——; on board of which an accident of a most alarming nature occurred; which may be regarded as the turning point in his life, and the answer to his mother's many prayers — though not in the way a mother's love would have dictated.

On the afternoon of Wednesday the 20th of July, 1843, while the lieutenant was exercising a party of seamen at gun drill, an order was given to fire a salute in honour of the King of the Belgians, who

was passing down Seareach, near Sheerness, when one of the portable magazines blew up, forcing up the upper deck on the starboard side, from the mizenmast as far as the mainmast, and knocking down nearly all the cabinet bulkheads fore and aft on the upper gun deck. Scarcely a whole pane of glass was left in the ports on that deck. So great was the force, that the iron horn-knee on the beam-end, at the break of the bulkhead, where the magazine exploded, was quite broken asunder. But the most melancholy part of the occurrence, was the dreadful calamity which befel the visitors then on board, and a portion of the ship's company, who were in that part of the vessel. The lieutenant was very dangerously wounded, a large splinter having fixed itself under his jaw-bone, and fifty smaller ones in various parts of his body. Three seamen were also dangerously hurt; one of whom died a few hours after the accident. The chaplain, also, was severely bruised, and his coat blown and burnt from his back. Two young ladies visiting the ship with their friends, were dangerously wounded and burnt. A clergyman, with his lady and daughter, who were standing close to the spot where the explosion took place, escaped unhurt, although their clothes were on fire, but soon extinguished by the officers and others who ran to their rescue. A young officer, who was serving on board as a first-class volunteer, escaped with a slight scar on his

head, in a miraculous manner. He was close to the gun, on the aft side of the bulkhead; and when the bulkhead was blown down, he was buried under one of the panels; by which the whole force of the explosion passed over him. After the shock had gone off, he crawled out, and escaped the fire that was blazing around him. Nearly all the officers present received slight injuries by splinters, and were more or less burnt in rescuing the ladies from the bulkhead boards which were blown upon them.

As soon as the alarm had subsided, a signal was given, and in a short time the floating engine from the dockyard was alongside, and the fire soon extinguished.

At an early hour the following morning, Her Majesty's steam-ship A——conveyed the wounded persons who were in a fit state to be removed, to Melville Hospital.

The surgeon having dressed their wounds, the admiral and staff kindly went to see the lieutenant and the other sufferers; but all he could do was to wave his hand in token of recognition.

The sad intelligence was quickly conveyed to his wife, who immediately went to the hospital to see him; but such was his disfigured appearance, that at first she did not know him. The next visit was from his beloved mother, whose countenance was the picture of sorrow, yet not without hope; for she felt, as

she afterwards expressed herself, that the promises of God in Jesus Christ "were yea, and in him Amen." "The Lord had compassion on the thief, and heard his cry in the eleventh hour; and why should he not have compassion on my son?" Such was his exhausted state, that his mother was not allowed to speak to him, nor could he speak to her; but her tender look, as she left the room, told of silent prayer on his behalf. That prayer, many times repeated in days past, God answered in due time.

A few days after the lieutenant entered the hospital, a lady called and solicited permission to see him; but for the first week, no one but his wife was allowed to do so. At the expiration of that time the lady called again, and was admitted. As she approached his bed-side, the lieutenant said to himself, "Who can this strange lady be? What brings her here?" He was not long kept in suspense; for after only a few words of introduction, she spoke to him very kindly of the love of Jesus—of His sufferings, His death, His resurrection, and His intercession at God's right hand; and before leaving, prayed for his conversion. The second time she came, she conversed on the parable of the barren fig tree. "A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on

this fig tree, and find none; why cumbereth it the ground."

The lieutenant thought, "I am this fruitless tree."

She continued, "And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."

She said, "Here is a representation of Jesus interceding for a poor sinner."

The lieutenant thought, "I am under this sentence of being cut down. But she says, Jesus is interceding for me." He then felt himself to be a lost sinner; and that this was God's call to him, perhaps for the last time. When alone that night, for the first time —"he prayed."

This lady now became almost a daily visitor; and when not able to call herself, sent a friend.

In the evenings another visitor came—an old man, who had been an actor, but at the time a minister of the gospel. Sometimes he was present when the surgeons were dressing the wounds; and would look on in silent admiration that no groan passed the lieutenant's lips. On one occasion, when they had left his bed-side, the old man remarked, "By the merciful blessing of Divine providence, you are spared, my dear Sir, for some special work for the Almighty's glory. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'" And then

the old man poured out his soul in earnest prayer, that God would "cause His face to shine upon the afflicted one," and make him "the honoured instrument in his hands" for the conversion of many souls.

The lieutenant looked forward with much pleasure to the visits of these friends. He was struck with their earnestness; and frequently was he moved to tears—not so much by what they said *to him*, as what they said *to God* about him;—there was a fervour and reality in their prayers, that was quite new to him: they seemed dead to the world's vanities, and their life—their all—devoted to the glory of God in the conversion of souls.

Here then, was the turning-point in the lieutenant's life, and the time whence he dates his "new birth."

After remaining in the hospital eight months—which, to a man of active habits, must have been a great trial of patience—he was discharged as convalescent.

The following is an extract from the Hospital Discharge Certificate:——

"Lieutenant John Blackmore was received at Melville Hospital from Her Majesty's ship C-——, on the 13th day of July, 1843, for the cure of severe burns, contusions, and lacerated wounds, caused by the explosion of gunpowder. There was a severe and extensive lacerated wound over the right angle

of the lower jaw, from which projected a splinter of wood, which penetrated the superior maxillary bone. There was also a wound with splinters in the scalp, the hearing in the right ear was nearly destroyed, and the lower jaw broken. His hands and legs, particularly the right, were also severely burnt and lacerated, with splinters penetrating quite through both sides of the calf; many splinters of wood have since been extracted from the various wounds, and although now convalescent, there is still some rigidity in the right limb; the hearing in the right ear almost gone, and there are still two open wounds in his face, which, from their depth, and the upper jaw being partly involved, may continue open for a length of time.

"As he can in his present state derive little benefit from further hospital treatment, he is therefore discharged convalescent."

The lieutenant had not, however, been out of the hospital more than four days, when he was seized with epileptic fits, and compelled to enter it again.

The following is an extract from the Hospital Certificate :—

"Lieutenant John Blackmore was received at Melville Hospital on the 13th day of March, 1844, for the cure of epilepsy, caused by various wounds,

particularly one in the face, from a splinter of wood deeply fixed in the right antrim of the upper jaw. The splinter, with many others, has now been removed, and he is restored to health, with an indelible mark remaining on the right cheek. The injuries were caused by explosion of gunpowder, while serving as Lieutenant on board the C——, on the 12th July, 1843.

"*** Fifty-one splinters have been taken out."

During the last thirteen years, Lieut. Blackmore has been actively engaged in endeavouring to rescue from temporal and eternal ruin some of those unhappy girls who are found thronging the streets of London by night; and also in distributing suitable tracts to the male sex, their co-partners in sin.

His endeavours to be helpful in this Christ-like work began in simplicity and weakness, by merely putting his hand to that which he found to do. It was God's will to prosper and bless; so that from one or two stray ones gathered out of the streets, two large houses are now filled.

One young person having been met with, who was desirous of forsaking her life of sin, a lodging was taken for her in the house of a poor Christian widow; in a few days a second wanderer was added to the family. Soon a small house was taken, then a larger one—God having inclined the hearts of his people

to help by their prayers, and with their silver and gold. This home is known as "The London Female Dormitory and Industrial Institution," Camperdown Lodge, Ealing, w.

As the number of applicants multiplied, amongst whom were many who had received a superior education, it was found desirable to have a separate home for them; which was opened in the beginning of the year 1853, and is known as "The Female Temporary Home," 218, Marylebone Road, N. W.

Both houses are conducted in the spirit of a family home. The inmates are kept constantly employed throughout the day. As regards discipline, there is no probation, no cutting off of hair, no livery, no locks or bolts in the day-time; but the young people are treated as fellow beings, over whom the blessed Lord yearns with compassion. They are allowed occasionally to walk out for exercise, two or three at a time, under the care of one of the matrons. They have also the privilege of attending places of worship thus accompanied. The Scriptures are read every morning, with prayer, and almost every evening some Christian friend interested in the work comes to read or speak to them from the Word of God.

There is no stated time for their remaining in the homes; the period averages about nine months; their removal depends upon their fitness for service.

There is nothing in the exterior appearance of the

houses, whereby they could be pointed at as a refuge; consequently a poor unhappy wanderer is not ashamed to apply at the door, and when admitted pour out her tale of sorrow into the ear of one who sympathises with her.

Infants are not received into either of the homes. This, in many intances, has prevented young women from entering. An asylum for them has long been thought of; in the mean time, rather than an applicant should be refused admission, the child is placed under the care of a respectable person, until the mother is able to support it. In this manner about twenty children and their mothers have been provided for.

The benefits of these institutions are not confined to natives of London; but extend to young women from the country and provincial towns, and sometimes cases are received from the continent.

It being an important feature of Lieut. Blackmore's operations, we must not omit to mention that the "Female Temporary Home" is not *exclusively* for *fallen* females; but also for the *prevention* of sin and suffering, by affording shelter and support to young women who may be for a short time out of a situation, or without employment, either at a small charge, or entirely free, according to the necessities of the case, or the state of the funds; and thus affording means of deliverance from the snares that abound on every hand in the metropolis. Many

young ladies, who—through loss of parents and friends, or other adverse circumstances—are reduced to the utmost extremity of need and peril, find a home here, until occupation suited to their abilities can be provided. They are not compelled to associate with the other young women, but live with the matron. The good done in this department of the work, the great day of the Lord will alone reveal.

Many of the young women met with by Lieut. Blackmore on his midnight cruises, are assisted in various ways, without being admitted into either of the homes. The following will show the number of cases which have been thus dealt with since the commencement of the Mission up to January 1st, 1860:—

Prevention	8
Restored to parents and friends. .	30
Placed in business	5
Sent to service	31
Emigrated	7
Married	1
Received temporary assistance . .	1305
	1307

At the "London Female Dormitory," the following cases were received and disposed of up to the 1st of January, 1860:—

Sent to service	468
Restored to parents and friends	317
Emigrated	48
Married	53
Died	5
Transferred to other institutions	58
Left at their own request	28
Dismissed	29
Variously provided for	96
In the Dormitory, Jan. 1st, 1860	18
	1120

At the "Female Temporary Home," the following cases had been received and disposed of up to the 1st of January, 1860:—

Sent to service	234
Restored to parents and friends	127
Emigrated	38
Placed in business	10
Married	14
Died	7
Sent to lunatic asylum	2
Transferred to other institutions	64
Dismissed	4
Left at their own request	92
Variously disposed of	52
In the Home, Jan. 1st, 1860	29
	673

From the above statistics it will be seen, that since Lieut. Blackmore commenced his operations, three thousand one hundred and eighty young women have been benefitted in various ways. Four hundred and seventy-four have been restored to their parents and friends; seven hundred and thirty-three have been sent to service; ninety-three have emigrated; seventy-eight married; fifteen have been placed in business; one thousand three hundred and five have received temporary assistance; and forty-seven were in the homes on January 1st, 1860.

"The harvest truly is great; but the labourers are few."

As a suitable preface of the extracts which will be given from Lieut. Blackmore's "Log Books," we reprint a review which appeared in "The Times" of December 27th, 1859, and which (thanks to the kindness of the editor) was inserted without solicitation.

The extracts from a small pamphlet, entitled "The London by Moonlight Mission," quoted in the review, are omitted here, as they appear in another part of this book.

FROM "THE TIMES."

"LONDON has is exterior and its interior also—its sunlight, its moonlight, and its deep broad shadows. There are scenes and phantoms flitting to and fro in

the silvery moonlight that do not attract the beneficent sympathies of those who too frequently recognize no claims on this side of Africa or Tahiti, and forget there is but a brick wall and not a boundless ocean, between them and great victims. They will not know that their palatial residences cast down shadows on suffering and sorrow not less intense because arrayed in gaudy dresses, or hidden under what seems a jocund laugh or a merry song.

"These gay women, who make their appearance toward midnight on the *pavé*, were some of them once respectable servants — governesses stinted, starved, and ruined — daughters of homes from which one guilty step has made them fugitives, and out of which yearning sympathies have long ceased to come after them. They are not, however, wholly forgotten.

"In 1847 a lieutenant of the navy and a City Missionary,* disregarding red-tapism, foreboding of mischief, and cold comforters, of whom, it seems, there were plenty, determined to make a bold attempt to rescue or restore at least a handful of the victims of great misfortune—not less a misfortune that it had been induced by their own misconduct. The good lieutenant was old enough and tried enough to undertake this new and rather perilous cruise among the

* This is an error. It was not Mr. R. W. Vanderkiste, the author of the "Dens of London," but his brother, Mr. John Vanderkiste, who still zealously co-operates with Lieut. Blackmore.

currents, reefs, and sandbanks of this metropolitan sea of living and dying and dead human beings. He had the good sense to enlist as his mate a City Missionary, whose name lives in many hearts into which he shed a little sunshine in their night of weeping. These moral Franklins and M'Clintocks made their first moonlight voyage along Gray's-inn-lane, Holborn Hill, Fleet-street, Regent-street, Oxford-street, and Tottenham-court-road, separating at certain places and re-uniting at others. They gave in the first instance, to the objects of their search, as they turned up in succession, letters of advice, containing the address of a hospitable home, in which they might find a lodging, a fire, and a little food. In Holborn our navigators were accosted by many young women. One of them, with the affected gaiety of that unhappy class, asked them, on receiving one of the notes of address, if it was a love letter. They replied, 'Yes; keep it, and read it to-morrow.' Opposite St. Paul's a very well-mannered young woman accosted the lieutenant. She had been a governess. With tears in her eyes, and a voice full of emotion, she said, 'Oh, Sir! I will consent to live on bread and water if you will rescue me from this loathsome life.' This, we fear, is not a solitary instance of the torn and leafless human hearts, that shiver in the night winds, and under the cold moonlight on the streets of London. That ringing laugh and affected merry repartee are

but music in a workhouse, and these gaudy dresses are flowers on a grave. There is within no happiness, and what is worse, there is no hope there. But in the worst of cases there is a chord that loving kindness can reach and waken to responsive tones. The most abandoned are not beyond the influence of what old Dr. Chalmers in his best and earliest days called 'the omnipotence of loving kindness.'

"In human nature, even in its furthest aberration, and in its deepest descent, there are springs which the voice of disinterested kindness can waken up into living waters. You cannot convert by coercion. You will do little real good by interfering in this matter by legislation. What is wanted is a mission, in the spirit and with some guarantee for a measure of the purity of Him who came to seek the lost and to save the outcast.

"The most revolting aspect in this class is found in those who belong to 'flash houses,' where the unhappy female is provided with gay dresses, and on going out at night is followed by a 'keeper,' whose mission it is to keep an eye on her, in order to prevent her absconding with her fine clothes. This Argus-eyed vagabond follows close at her heels, unsuspected by those with whom she enters into conversation, and receives his share of 'the wages of iniquity.' The miserable girl is lodged, and fed, and dressed, but

carefully prevented from receiving money, lest it might enable her to escape from their clutches. The good lieutenant, in his researches in these Arctic regions of human life, fell in with many an instance of this class, and never did he hail one without recognizing some traits that indicated at least a passionate desire to escape.

"One evening's cruise by moonlight discovered twenty of these outcasts, who ardently desired to abandon a life of which they were sick and tired to the very heart. Their guilt may be taken cognizance of by their God, but in our sight it is their bitter misfortune. We do not profess to select the best method of doing them good; all we urge is the evidence of a case for our Christmas sympathy. It is not any scarcity of benevolent feeling that prevents good being done, but really want of consideration. People are thoughtless, rather than heartless. We remember listening to a sermon preached on behalf of a ragged school, with its bread fund and dispensary. The most eloquent, and as it turned out, most effective appeal, consisted of an extract from a poem by the gifted author of the Song of the Shirt. A lady dreams that she meets at the Great White Throne those she had neglected:—

" 'For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for food,

And the homeless man and the widow poor,
Who begged to bury her dead.
The naked, alas! I might have clad;
The famished I might have fed.'

"'Each pleading look that long ago
I scanned with heedless eye;
Each face was gazing as plainly then
As when I passed it by.
Woe, woe, for me, if the past should be
Thus present when I die.'

"'The wounds I might have healed,
The human sorrow, and smart,
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part,
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.'"

CHAPTER I.

First Impressions.

"Jesus said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. And *blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me.*"—Luke vii. 22, 23.

"Jesus invited near,
The vilest of our race,
And bid the greatest sinner hear
The words of truth and grace."

Never shall I forget my first introduction to a mixed assembly of the rich and the poor, met together for purposes of good. It was at a tea-meeting in Jurston-street Ragged-school — convened for the purpose of advocating the cause of the ragged boys of the metropolis. At first I could only look on in silent admiration. I felt proud of my country, to see the noble and rich of the land mixing with the very poor. It was indeed a "ragged" meeting. Not far from me was a youth who truly answered this description, with ragged head, ragged jacket, ragged trousers, ragged everything; but whose face shone with pleasure, as he ate heartily of the plum cake; while now and then some friend passed by and spoke a word of kindness, and the boy turned round and smiled, and then, with redoubled vigour, proceeded with his meal. "My boy," said I, "you seem happy." "I just be, Sir; I feels at home. It 's a good bit since I tasted such grub as this, and such lots of it." I was struck with his answer.

Here, thought I, lies the secret of success. Mere patronage or benevolence will never call forth such an expression as this:—"I feels at home!" If we wish to benefit our fellow creatures, we must get hold of their hearts, and cause them to feel we have a *brother's* sympathy, and are prepared to act a *brother's* part; though the object of our love be a cripple, or clad in a ragged coat.

But the meeting was not exclusively for boys. The parents, who always exert such an influence over their children, either for good or evil, were also invited; and many ragged fathers and mothers were there, and showed they were not insensible to kindness.

After tea, several friends stood up and pleaded on behalf of ragged boys; and the noble lord who took the chair on the occasion, concluded by exhorting all engaged in the good work, to "remain in the gutter until all was thoroughly cleansed."

This, thought I, is just what the blessed Lord Jesus did, who, though King of kings, came down to this earth, and "made Himself of no reputation; but took on him the form of a servant."

Returning home that night, pondering over what I had seen and heard—with my heart filled with joy because of the Lord's great goodness, in preserving me from so many dangers—I longed to be engaged in some such work; and was led, like the

Apostle, to say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I volunteered to join the Ragged School Union, and was accepted, with a remark from the chairman, that "*one* volunteer was worth ten pressed men."

As time progressed, I felt an increasing desire to speak to sinners of the love of Christ. Considering so much had been done for the ragged boys of the metropolis, I began to make enquiries about young women, and felt convinced that much good might be done. I joined the committee of a Penitentiary; but soon found that its system and rules were far from being in accordance with the spirit of the gospel. The difficulty of obtaining admissions for young women, who, disgusted with their mode of life, longed to leave it, was a constant source of grief to me. I have known most distressing cases, where they have wandered from one institution to another, without being able to gain admittance—not for want of accommodation or funds, but merely because it was not "committee-day," which was never more frequent than once a week, and in some instances only once a month. In the mean time, what could a missionary or other Christian friend do with an applicant? It were far better she had not been invited, than to send her back to meet the jeers of her associates—and thus become more than ever hardened in sin. But the evil does not stop

here. The news soon reaches the ears of other young women, who apply the refusal to themselves, and never venture to seek admission. Ought these poor creatures to be thus exposed? The doors of our hospitals are at all times open to urgent cases of *bodily* disease; why then should the doors of our institutions, professing to care for the *souls* of our fellow creatures, be closed for a single hour? Surely a critical state of bodily fever is not more deserving of attention than a mind in torment from the conviction of an evil life.

Again: those locks and bolts in the day-time—those blockaded windows—that prison livery and discipline—that cutting off of their hair—and the obligation imposed upon them to remain two years to work for the benefit of the institution—are these the means likely to lead to repentance, and teach them "the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge"? Nay, it is "the goodness of God" that leads to repentance. Love will break down the stubborn heart when all else fails. The gospel of the grace of God is the strongest loadstone to draw the heart to a safe resting-place; that resting-place is JESUS.

Feeling grieved with this state of things, I conversed with one of the committee, Mr. John Vanderkiste, who agreed with me as to the propriety of having a room or house for receiving these young women at any time of the day or night, where they

would be treated with kindness. We laid it before the committee; but they said it would entirely alter their *rules* and *regulations;* and remarked that London was a large place—I had better try my scheme elsewhere.

I did so;—and great has been the blessing of God on my feeble endeavours. For notwithstanding much opposition by the enemy of souls, and what is a far heavier cross, the misrepresentations of Christians who realise little of the love of Jesus, and therefore cannot feel for poor outcasts; yet has the work prospered far beyond my most sanguine expectations. As years have passed by, I have rejoiced to see other houses opened in various parts of the kingdom, for the reception of this much-neglected class. The maintenance of these establishments has considerably lessened the amount of aid formerly received by us; but during the last thirteen years, though our faith has oft times been sorely tried, yet has the Lord never forsaken us in the hour of our need. At the end of the past year,—through yielding to the earnest solicitations of friends, in admitting an unusually large number of cases,—I found myself more than four hundred pounds in debt. This was a severe trial, it being contrary to our rules to be so involved; but these words came to my mind, "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." This text encouraged me to go

forward. No one, however, was asked for money; but earnest prayer was made to God. First of all came in five pounds, then twenty-five, then fifty, then one hundred and five; and in one month I was free from debt, with a small balance at the bank.

How good is the Lord! how worthy of our trust!

As the Moonlight Mission, and the Homes in connection with it, are exceptions from the general rule of management by means of a committee, it has appeared to me desirable to give a reason for the nature of its constitution.

After labouring four years in conjunction with a committee, I felt that these gentlemen, with their various occupations, could not keep pace with the feelings of sympathy necessary to the effectual working of the mission and its accessories. Nevertheless, all honour is due to them, and to others who form committees, for their sacrifice of time and self-denial; but in a work of this peculiar nature, it is necessary that those engaged in it should be practically acquainted with its details. These mainly consist in a diligent search after, and enquiry into, the circumstances attendant on the evil and misery this mission seeks to alleviate; which circumstances can only be

learnt when and where these unhappy young women are to be met with, namely, in the gay haunts of vice —by visits to their dens of infamy in the forenoon, when, after the excitement of a night's revelry, their minds are most susceptible to the advice of a friend —or by going out and speaking to them in the public thoroughfares at night. No committee (as such) can perform this; it is essentially work for individual effort, or at most, for those who feel called of God, to go out two and two.

From time to time Christians from various quarters have written to or called upon me, requesting my ideas on missionary labour. I could lay down no rules or fixed arrangement, being only able to say to them, as I now say, that in order to enter upon missionary labours among fallen women, we must have our hearts filled with love to our blessed Lord, and to poor sinners for His sake—love which will flow out unhindered by opposition, and unchecked by adversity. It is no common work. The man who would enter upon it, must count the cost before he puts his hand to the plough. He must not think it strange, if he is often rejected by the very ones he seeks to save. He must expect to be looked upon by many as the "off-scouring of all things"; and be prepared to meet with the same reproach as his Master,— "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them. Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend

of publicans and sinners." It is difficult thus to bear reproach with patience. For "the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all, apt to teach, patient. In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will."

Having given myself entirely to this work, and feeling that such co-workers as a committee sadly impeded my labours, I requested permission to resign. This however was objected to. After further reflection and prayer, I made a second application; at the same time expressing my willingness to take upon myself the entire responsibility of the work. This offer was accepted; and these gentlemen, on withdrawing, kindly handed me the following resolutions:—

"Resolved,—That the Honorary Superintendent, Lieutenant Blackmore, having expressed his willingness to undertake the future management of the 'London Female Dormitory,' he also agreeing to become solely responsible for all debts and liabilities incurred on account of the Institution, this Committee hereby resign to the said Lieutenant Blackmore the future direction of the Institution, together with all property and effects belonging thereto.

"Resolved,—That the Committee in resigning their connection with the 'London Female Dormitory,' and committing the future management of the Institution to their Superintendent, Lieutenant Blackmore, feel they cannot do so without expressing their gratification in recording the zeal and integrity that has been exhibited by him during the four years that have elapsed since the formation of the Institution, and the entire confidence with which they leave its important interests to his control, trusting that his life may be prolonged, and that the Divine blessing may follow his efforts for the accomplishment of the great work to which he has so energetically devoted himself."

Some time after taking this step, I was greatly encouraged by reading the following, in a tract entitled, "My Own Work," by the Rev. Horatius Bonar. It is so valuable a word, and so well suited to the times, that I cannot forbear quoting it:—

"It is not bands of men, nor confederate nations, nor proud alliances, that have done great things for the world; it is solitary individuals, wielding simply but in earnest, the force of their own individual mind, bringing to bear upon every one around them *the power of that special gift with which God has endowed them.*

"It is not large associations, wealthy societies, or well-knit combinations, with the vast machinery which these can call into play, that have wrought great things for the Church of God and won victories to be remembered over her enemies; it is individual men, like Luther, or Calvin, or Knox.

"Frequently and impressively has God taught us this lesson. Shall it be lost? Shall we not learn the power of single minds and single hands? Shall we not learn God's preference for this way of working? When God has need of the fire to do His work in the material world, He does not fill the blue vault with devouring flame,—He gathers up its strength into one fiery bolt, and launches it with overpowering force against the rock, or the forest, or the tower. So does He work in the Church. We have seen Him thus working, and our fathers have told us of such mighty acts in the days of old.

"To recall these things is needful. We are in danger of losing sight of God's order. We are exposed in no small degree to the temptation of distrusting individual effort, and of placing our confidence entirely in association, as if the power of effecting great things must be in proportion to the greatness of the combination that wields that power. The Bible and Church history have shown us the more excellent way. One man, filled with the Spirit, and living in communion with the Almighty Jehovah, will be able

to accomplish far greater things than the most perfect and extensive organizations can undertake. Such associations are useful in their way. . . . . We do not slight such organizations. Far from it. But we distrust them sometimes, as being in danger of taking up a false position, and so of doing an *unreal* work; at least of seeming to do a work which can only be done by individual men. They are apt to blunt the feeling of personal responsibility, whilst appearing to afford the means of carrying it out. Nor is this a small evil. For it takes us out of the exact position in which God would have us work, and sets us in another which man deems more eligible and effective; nay, it damps that peculiar energy which the sense of personal responsibility cannot fail to create,—that energy by means of which God has wrought all His great works in time past,—that healthy energy which nothing save this can furnish, and without which the most unwearied labours degenerate into mere bustle or routine.

"That a man can do nothing save in connection with a society or scheme, is a ruinous fallacy,—an idea forged by Satan, for the purpose of cunningly counteracting God's great plan of operation. It sears the conscience. It lulls the soul asleep. It checks the exercise of those special gifts which God makes use of in each of his own. It leads to a suppression of *individualities*, and so to an extraction of the very pith

and point of personal character or mind. It makes us forget that we have a work to do which no man can do for us,—nay, which no man can help us in doing,—a work which God expects at our hands, and a work which assuredly we shall be enabled to carry out, if we will but use the individual gifts conferred on us in their natural and healthy way.

"'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.' It was thus that the Apostle went forth alone, to do the work of God. There is much in these words to shew us our true standing and our real strength. One with Him who died and rose again, what may we not do, if we will but take our stand upon that oneness, and count upon the strength which it was meant to impart! One with Him to whom all power is given in heaven and in earth, what great things may we not be sure of accomplishing for God, if we will but betake ourselves to this source of strength and *act upon it* in all that we undertake, whether great or small? . . . . What is there that a man dwelt in by the Spirit of Christ, and walking in fellowship with God, need fear to undertake? What peril can he fear? what enemy can he flee from? what work need he shrink from? 'God is with him: who can be against him?' It is his connection with Christ, not his connection with a society, that makes him strong, and fits him for his work, and secures his success. 'Strong in the grace

that is in Christ Jesus,' and leaning on the love that has bought and saved him, he goes forth to work or to fight for God, calmly and confidently, as the British soldier to the battle-field, with well-proved weapons, not counting it possible that he can be baffled or overthrown.

" 'Go then in this thy might,' is God's charge to us. And with this as our watchword, let us advance : the work to be done is great, and there is little time to do it in.

" There is work for *all* of us. And there is special work for *each*. It is work not for societies or alliances, but it is work for individual minds and hands. It is work which I cannot do in a crowd or as one of a mass, but as *one* man ; acting singly, according to my own gifts, and under a sense of my personal responsibilities. There is, no doubt, *associated work* for me to do ; I must do my work as part of the world's great whole, or as a member of some body. But I have special work to do as one individual, who, by God's plan and appointment, have a separate position, separate responsibilities, and a separate work,—a work, which —if I do not do it—must be left undone. No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do. He may do a higher work, a greater work,—but he cannot do *my* work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibilities or my gifts.

"Nor can I delegate my work to any association of men, however well ordered and powerful. They have their own work to do, and it may be a very noble one. But they cannot do my work for me. I must do it with these hands, or with these lips, which God has given me. I may do little, or I may do much. *That* matters not. It must be my own work. And by doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify His name, than if I were either going out of my sphere to do the work of another, or calling in another into my sphere to do my proper work for me. The low grass-tuft is not the branching elm, nor is it the fragrant rose; but it has a position to occupy, and a work to do, in the arrangements of God for this earth of ours, which neither elm nor rose can undertake.

"Besides, I have a crown to win; and who can win it for me? I cannot reach it through the toil of another, through the operations of any society of men. I must win it for myself. No fellow-man can *wear* it for me, and no fellow-man can *win* it for me. I must press forward to the mark for the prize of my high calling. My right of entrance into the kingdom has, I know, been won for me by the Son of God. That was a work for Him alone to do. And He has done it! I owe my deliverance to His blood alone. I owe my acceptance to His righteousness

alone. But still there remains for me a race to run, a prize to secure. And therefore must I work without ceasing, with my eye upon the glory to be revealed when the Lord returns, forgetting what is behind, reaching on to what is before, 'if by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead.'

"'Go then in this thy might.' Go as a believing man to work for God—to work thine own work—thy personal work, which cannot be done for thee. Thou mayest do great things yet for God. Do not despair in looking at the ungodly masses that crowd our cities, nor think their ranks quite impenetrable. Do not say, we must have larger societies, a more extensive and complete machinery, before we can think of assailing them with success. It may be just the opposite that God is waiting for. 'The people may be too many,' for Him to work by. The societies may be too great for Him to bless their efforts. But whether this be so or not — 'Go, in this thy might.' Let the world see what faith can do. Let the Church see what one single man, leaning on his God, and with nothing but his sling and stone, can effect.

"A modern historical writer has said, that 'History has great things to tell of men and nations that had *faith*, high and earnest *faith*.' * Will not the eternal

* M'Cullagh's "Use and Study of History," p. 24.

records have greater things than these to tell of men who, not hindered by the vastness of the work, nor the array of difficulties, nor the sense of personal weakness, have gone calmly forward, in simple dependence on the might of Him who does all His great works by the few, not by the many,—by the feeble, not by the strong,—by the bruised reed, not by the glittering spear ?

"Not only is there work for thee to do, but there is *a* work for thee to do, a special work,—a work which He who made thee and sent thee here appointed for thee to do. Be sure of this, and work as one who knows it. It will both nerve and cheer thee.

" He who gave thee this work to do is God himself; and He who gave it to thee does not leave thee to do it at thine own cost, or in thine own strength. He provides both. He bids thee look to Him for both. However feeble thy strength, and low thy purse may be, His resources are quite adequate for all that thou canst undertake. Let there be no fear of that. Fear of venturing too little, never fear of venturing too much. 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

" Have faith in God. Lean on Him, and let Him use thee as His agent and instrument. Work as one conscious of being such, and that in no secondary sense. He works by agencies, by human agencies, not by societies or churches merely, but by persons ;

not by great or gifted ones merely, but by feeble and obscure ones. It is by these last that He does his greatest wonders ; for it is by such as these that the honour of the work comes all to himself, and pride is hid from man.

" 'Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called (or rather are 'the callers'), but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen ; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence.' (1 Cor. i. 26—29.)

" Let us then go to work in the consciousness that we are His instruments, and that as the work is His, so will be the power and the success. . . . . .

" And the time is short. The shadows are beginning to lengthen. The night, when no man can work, will soon be down upon us. Work, then, while the day lasts, and do not linger over your work, as if you had abundance of time to do it in. 'The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.' 'Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be.' The Master will soon be here to call his servants to their reckoning ; have thy accounts all ready.

"Put thy whole vigour into thy work. For the knowledge that the work is God's is not to make thee less energetic or fervent; but more so. 'What soever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Work well; run well; fight well. Slack not thy hand at any time, but be in good earnest always. If the work is worth being done at all, it is worth being done in earnest. . . . .

"Count the cost, and be not discouraged when called on to pay it. It may be through much personal trial, and weariness, and sacrifice, that the end is to be reached and the work done. Do not grudge it; but press on. Pay it all. The day of recompense is at hand. The reward is great enough to make up for all. A kingdom and a crown, such as God has to give, are sufficient compensations, however hard the work, or heavy the sacrifice. 'Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions.' (2 Tim. iv. 5.)

"Leave it not half done. Carry it through. See it to its end. Beware of stopping short in the middle, as if thou hadst done enough. Half-finished work for God looks ill. Perhaps, indeed, He may stop it; and may break it in pieces before thy eyes. Let not that dishearten thee. He knows what he is doing; he does it in wisdom and love; not out of arbitrary will, or to vex and discourage his labourers. It is for some glorious end that he does so; and if thou wilt just trust him, in spite of the ruin, thou shalt see

something greater and better rising out of it, fulfilling the end in view far more sufficiently than that which at first thou designedst. 'He that believeth doth not make haste.'

"Be bold. He that works for God and with God has reason to be a bold man. 'Truth is great, and shall prevail,' is the old maxim that has cheered many a soul in weakness, when witnessing against error. 'God is great, and He will prevail,' is a nobler maxim still, and fitted, even more than the other, to nerve thee for endurance, as well as to ensure thy victory. Be bold. It is our cowardice that hinders our success. The believing man should be the bravest of men; true to his aim, and resolute in his purpose; the truest and most resolute of all men on earth. God is at his right hand; he need not fear what flesh can do to him.

"Look to the crown. It is coming soon, as the reward of the faithful workman. It is the crown of life, it is the crown of righteousness. Look stedfastly at it, and the glimpses which thou gettest of it even here, afar off, will cheer thee day by day. Remember Moses; 'he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.' Remember Paul; he pressed on with the crown in view; 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give

me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.) Remember the Son of God himself, 'who, for the joy set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God.' (Heb. xii. 2.)

"The Master's 'Well done,' will, even in prospect, animate and cheer; how unutterably will it gladden in that day when you hear it actually spoken to you by his own lips in his own kingdom."

"Be Brave, my Brother!
Enlarge thy heart and soul;
Spread out thy free glad love;
Encompass earth, embrace the sea,
As does that sky above.
Let no man see thee stand
In slothful idleness,
As if there were no work for thee
In such a wilderness.

"Be Brave, my Brother!
Stint not the liberal hand,
Give in the joy of love;
So shall thy crown be bright, and great
Thy recompense above;
Reward—not like the deed,
That poor weak deed of thine;
But like the God himself who gives,
Eternal and divine."

H. BONAR.

CHAPTER II.

A Successful Cruise.

"It may seem somewhat wild to speak of going out to fetch wanderers home, when so many of those who have already risen up like the prodigal, and are at the very door of the home of penitents, have none to lead them in: but we cannot entirely put out of sight the duty of *searching* for the lost sheep in the wilderness. It is not enough to *wait* for the returning wanderers. There is a sort of missionary agency required, by which especially the beginners in this vicious life might be pleaded with."

Quarterly Review.

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

After asking the Divine blessing—in company with three Christian friends, I sallied forth down Gray's-inn-lane, about ten in the evening, each of us supplied with suitable tracts for distribution; which, in addition to religious instruction, had my address printed upon them, with an appeal to females, if they wished to quit the ways of sin, to call upon me. These were enclosed in envelopes, thus presenting the appearance of a letter, a form in which they are more readily accepted.

The route proposed for this evening was Holborn-hill, Fleet-street, the Strand, Regent-street, Oxford-street, and Tottenham-court-road. Each side of the street was to be occupied by two of our party, the whole meeting again at points agreed upon.

The tracts and notes were well received in Gray's-inn-lane. I could not held pitying those whom, by their dress and manner, I knew to be fallen ones; and

I earnestly asked my heavenly Father that he would make us the honoured instruments in his hands to rescue some. On arriving in Holborn, I was accosted by many young women; one of them, with the affected gaiety of her unhappy class, asked me, as I gave her one of the notes, whether it was a love letter. I replied, "Yes: keep it, and read it to-morrow."

When we came to the bottom of Holborn-hill, I was accosted by an interesting young girl, dressed in a superior style. I gave her a note.

"What is this for?" she said.

"To invite you to a happy home, until you can get into a situation suited to your ability."

On enquiry, I found that she had no father nor mother, nor any friend in London. Turning round to the gentleman who accompanied me, she asked, "Is he come out for the same purpose as yourself?"

"Yes, and I am expecting two other friends directly. We mean what we say. Our wish is to do you good."

She was struck with astonishment. "Four gentlemen come out to seek after poor friendless girls! It is very good of you: I will call, with thanks."

Degraded as she was, I shook hands with her, and we parted.

Up Farringdon-street I distributed tracts with my address. On Ludgate-hill, I met several well-dressed young women; who made some flippant remarks upon our being out so late.

I replied, "But our object in being out is different from yours. We have come to offer you a helping hand, to take you out of this miserable life, if you will leave it."

"What will you do with us?"

"Clothe you, feed you, keep you, and try to set you up in a respectable way of life."

"Well, that is kind."

We gave them some tracts, and passed on.

Opposite St. Paul's my companion called me to him. A very genteel young woman had accosted him. She had been, it appeared, a governess. With tears in her eyes, and a voice full of emotion, she said, "Oh, Sir! I will consent to leave upon bread and water, if you will rescue me from this loathsome life."

My friend was overcome with feelings of sorrow and compassion on her behalf, and begged me to receive her when she called, offering, if the fund of the Institution was exhausted when she came, to pay for her support until she could be otherwise provided for.

We then proceeded round St. Paul's. Here too, we met with many "fallen into the snare of the devil, and taken captive by him at his will," whom we warned to flee from the wrath to come.

On going down Ludgate-hill I met another deeply-interesting young woman. She professed to obtain her living by her needle, and pleaded the low rate of remuneration as a cause of her being compelled to resort to this miserable course of life. On being informed of the nature of my errand, she expressed surprise at our kindness. She, like the others, had never before heard of any one coming out to speak kindly to her class; and promised, on parting, either to call on me at the Institution, or to write.

In Fleet-street I met several others, who took the notes and tracts with thanks. One confessed that her way of life was indeed a wretched one.

"Why then not try some other?"

"So I would, if I could get any friend to take me by the hand. You know not the trials we have to encounter."

"I do know them—too well I know them, and for that reason I am out at this late hour to seek you, and to render you assistance, if I can."

"How kind you are! no one ever spoke to me as you have done."

At Temple-bar, our little party having re-united, we proceeded up the courts in the vicinity, and scattered tracts. Some of the miserable women here also, on learning our errand, expressed astonishment that any cared for them, and could scarcely believe us sincere. Vice, in its most repulsive form, met the eye. Though it was near midnight, squalid-looking children, with pallid visages and half-starved looks, were scattered about. Oh! if Christians could but see the misery that lies lurking in the vicinity of some of our most polished thoroughfares, they would surely be roused from their state of apathy, to care for the perishing thousands around them.

I found the wretched women near Temple-bar to be of the lowest class, with the exception of one, about seventeen years of age, very well dressed. She said her parents were dead, and she could not get enough for a living without having recourse to her miserable occupation. I gave her a hearty invitation to call at my house, for which she appeared very thankful.

Near to St. Clement's Church I observed several young women of the lowest class, and some open haunts of vice in the immediate vicinity of the building. Surely there is a call upon all true-hearted

Christians to go forth, in imitation of their divine Master, and make a vigorous attack on these dens of iniquity.

In the Strand I heard many a mournful tale from the numerous unhappy females who were wandering there. The letters which I gave were well received. One young woman in particular accosted me. She belonged, I could see, to what are known as "flash houses,"—receptacles of vice, where unhappy victims are provided with gay dresses, and carefully watched when abroad by "keepers," to prevent them from absconding with their clothes. These poor creatures, though gaily attired, lead a truly miserable life. They have, as the wages of their sin—lodging, board, and dress, but no money; all is swallowed up by their keepers, who sometimes ride in their carriages from the profits of their infamous calling.

After inviting her to the institution, I said, "You are not truly happy; I am out to night on purpose to take you away from this miserable course of life. I see you are watched by your keeper. Do be persuaded to forsake it."

"I cannot. What you say is true; I belong to a 'flash house,' and I dare not come away."

"Run for it; I will provide some clothing, and send your dress back."

"If I do come, you must not deceive me, but give me shelter."

I assured her, that if she came she should be received.

"I will try, then, to do so"; and with tears in her eyes, she thanked and left me.

Directly after this, a young Jewess came up, in company with her "keeper," who directed her attention towards me. She accordingly followed me, and asked me to accompany her to her beautiful home. I requested her to turn out of the Strand, away from the sight of her "keeper." She also belonged, I found, to a "flash house," which she heartily wished to leave, but her dress prevented her; being afraid, if she ran away, she would be taken into custody on the charge of stealing it. She was moved, however, by my appeal.

"I will come away at once, just as I am, if you will take me."

As this, however, was impracticable, she promised to come to me the next day, if possible. Her friends, she said, were wealthy, and would repay me. With sorrow and disappointment she bade me good night, thanking me evidently with much gratitude. Her condition made my heart bleed, and as I looked around on the numbers of other unhappy females, I

wished that I could rescue all. Oh! what are Christians about? Who are following their divine Master, endeavouring to seek and to save these that are lost?

The next I met with in the Strand was an interesting young creature about sixteen. I said to her, "Listen to me a few minutes. Do you not sometimes catch cold, from getting wet in your feet with these thin boots. Suppose a cold settled on your chest, consumption may follow, and death be the consequence! then where is your soul? All this you know is too true."

"Yes, you are perfectly right."

"Then turn at once. I am now going to join my friends, who have with myself come out expressly to try to do such as you good."

"I never heard of such a thing in my life."

"Yes, God has put it into the hearts of some to endeavour to rescue those like yourself. Good bye—here is a letter. Put it into your pocket, and read it to-morrow morning."

The next I met had been a governess, and truly thankful she appeared also to meet with the voice of kindness. She gratefully accepted our note of invi-

tation. After speaking with several others, I made a halt at Nelson's Column, in Trafalgar-square. It was now one o'clock in the morning; the fog began to grow thick, and a heavy dew fell, which nearly wetted us through. The Christian friend who had accompanied me, in order to see our mode of operation, and who during the night had met with numbers of cases equally distressing with those detailed above, now joined me. "What I have seen this evening," he said, "has quite overpowered my feelings; I entreat you not to refuse any of the applications which you may receive for admission in consequence of our labours this evening. Our Christian friends must be stirred up to come forward and give you help. They do not know the facts of the case, or their sympathies would be immediately aroused. Could they but witness the misery we have seen to night, and the desire of these poor females to be rescued, they could not help coming forward to your aid." My friend then left me, having a business engagement early in the morning, which precluded him from remaining out any longer. I may mention, as an example of the effect that was produced upon his mind, and of the practical value he attached to the Institution, that he immediately sent me a donation of five pounds, regretting only that in so important a cause he could not multiply it ten-fold. A similar impression, I am convinced, could not fail to be produced on all who

witness the spectacle presented by these unhappy outcasts, miserably wandering to perdition in the streets of London.

My two remaining friends then proceeded with me up Pall-mall, where we met with an accomplished and well-dressed female, attired in black, evidently not of the ordinary class. I gave her a note, explained to her the objects of the institution, and urged her to take advantage of it. She thanked me for my kindness, and after some conversation about her troubles, she left me. At the corner of Piccadilly my companions rejoined me. There were standing here, I may observe, (as one of the curious features of the streets of the metropolis,) several individuals, whom I knew from their appearance to belong to what is popularly known as the "swell mob," and who eyed my companions and myself with some degree of curiosity. We then directed our steps to Regent-street. Here, again, we met with many fallen females. In a door-way we observed a young man crouched up fast asleep. He was one of the many "homeless by night" to be found in London. Had there been room in the Ragged Dormitory in Westminster, or had his age suited the Refuge in Kentish-town, I would have sent him there: but as it was, we were obliged to leave him.

Among other unhappy objects to whom we gave our notes of invitation, was one young woman, who informed us she had been cook in a gentleman's family in the West-end. She had been ruined by her fellow-servant. Expecting to become a mother, she was obliged to leave her situation; her seducer had also left, and had gone she knew not whither. She had, she said, to support the infant to which she had given birth, which was now five months old. I expressed my sympathy, and offered, if she would call at the institution, to do all I could for her. She thankfully took the note I gave her. It was now about half-past two o'clock in the morning. A little further on, in Oxford-street, we met a well-dressed young woman, returning from one of those casinoes or dancing saloons, which ensnare so many of our young men.

Going up Tottenham-court-road, we saw a poor creature seated on the step of a door, with an infant in her arms. She had no money for a lodging, we therefore raised a contribution, which she thankfully accepted. The fog growing thicker and thicker, we hastened home, which I reached by three o'clock in the morning, passing a few stragglers in the New-road."

The deep evils of this great city, however, cannot be fully unveiled; nor can those by whom they have

been in some measure witnessed, depict them as they really are. Happy had it been for many an unsuspecting girl, lured by the hope of high wages and gay attire, had she never exchanged the green fields of the country, for the throng of the gay city and its countless snares.

Parents should indeed tremble for their children, and every mother take alarm, sheltering her young with watchful care, for worse than hawks are ready to devour. There is greater danger to be dreaded from the associates and amusements of your children, than from the midnight robber, against whom you bar your doors. And this exhortation does not apply to parents only; for masters and mistresses are also responsible for watching over those beneath their roof, and guarding them, so far as their power extends, from dangers that lurk in the very streets around their dwellings.

As the result of the evening's mission above narrated, about *twenty* unhappy females, desirous of forsaking their wretched course, called either at my house, or at the Institutions, and were received and provided for. This fact will demonstrate more forcibly than any comment, the usefulness of such labours, and is indeed a call to the Lord's servants to go forth and gather these poor outcasts, for whom so few care.

Only those who have seen the misery endured by

these unhappy objects, and who know their willingness, nay, their eagerness to be rescued, can have any adequate conception of the immense amount of good which an agency of this kind may, by the blessing of God, be the means of effecting. To restore some of these poor wanderers to their sorrowing relatives; to procure for others situations in which they may return to usefulness and respectability; and higher still, to bring them in penitence and faith to the feet of the Saviour—this is a work which all should rejoice to help forward,—if not by going out into the streets to speak to them; surely by their sympathy and prayers.

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."

2 Cor. xii. 9.

Go labour on! spend and be spent,—
  Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,—
  Should not the servant tread it still?

Go labour on! 'Tis not for naught;
  All earthly loss is heavenly gain!
Men heed thee not—men praise thee not;
  The Master praises! what are men?

Go labour on! Enough, enough,
  If Jesus praise thee—if He deign
To notice ev'n thy willing mind;
  No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go labour on! Thy hands are weak,
  Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down!
Yet falter not,—the prize is near.
  The throne, the kingdom, and the crown!

Go labour on! while it is day;
  The long dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work! up from thy sloth!
  It is not thus that souls are won.

See thousands dying at your side,
  Your brethren, kindred, friends at home;
See millions perishing afar,
  Haste, brethren! to the rescue come!

Toil on, toil on! Thou soon shalt find
  For labour, rest—for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
  The midnight peal,—"Behold, I come!"

CHAPTER III.

A Double Answer to Prayer.

"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."—Luke xv. 4—7.

Returning home late one night, and while waiting for an omnibus near Charing Cross, I was accosted by a young woman, who, from her manner, had evidently not been long on the streets ; for she seemed half ashamed to speak to me.

"Why are you out at this late hour?" I asked.

"To seek a lover," she replied.

"You are? Well then, he is not far from you; for the Bible says, 'In him we live and move and have our being.' 'God so loved the world—so loved you, my friend—that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Oh yes, I know all that, Sir; but I am really very hungry."

"Come then with me." I took her to a coffee-house, and gave her some refreshment. While she partook of it, I sat on the other side of the table, and thus had an excellent opportunity of speaking to her about her soul,—and of the love of Jesus in dying upon the cross for her sins. A few kind

words soon won her confidence; and after some further conversation, I told her that if she wished to leave her course of sin, I should be happy to see her at my house the following day, and gave her my card for that purpose.

"I will come," she said.

She was true to her appointment; and during our interview gave the following account of her past life.

"I am twenty years of age. My mother was a pious woman, who sent me, and my brothers and sister, to a Sunday-school, and embraced every opportunity of instructing us in the fear of the Lord. I was brought up to London by an uncle, who kept a public-house. After teaching me the business, he procured for me a situation as bar-maid; where I remained two years, until my master died. I then took another situation in the same capacity, at the West-end. One evening, as I was going to my uncle's house, I was accosted by a gentleman, who asked me to take a walk with him, and proposed that we should go to Astley's Theatre. To this I at first objected, because it would keep me out beyond the time I wished to return home. However, upon his promising that I should leave the theatre early, I was induced to go there with him. The time passed away so rapidly, that when we came out, it was much past the hour I ought to have been

at home, which threw me into great distress of mind; and I knew not what to do. After much persuasion, he induced me to take something to drink; which produced so powerful an effect upon me, that I knew not what I was about; and whilst in that condition he took me to a bad house. Oh, Sir, the rest is too dreadful to relate."

Here she wept bitterly, and it was some minutes before she could proceed.

"He left me in the morning, and I have never seen him since. When I returned to my situation, I was discharged immediately. I went to my only friend in London, my uncle, and told him all that had happened; but he would have nothing more to do with me, and turned me out of his house. Having a little money left, I took a lodging, and lived upon it until all was gone; and then I went on the streets to keep me from starving. Two months afterwards I was taken very ill, and thought I should die. A lady pitied me, and obtained a letter of admission to the —— Hospital, where I remained about a month; but came out again in a bad state, and I feel I am getting worse and worse every day. I know not where to go to obtain food and lodging; I have no money, and no one will trust me."

This most painful case was the first I met with, and left an indelible impression on my mind of

the importance of this mission. Poor girl! Three months prior to this interview she left the green fields of the country, a happy home, and a pious mother. But now, how changed her condition! Cast out of house and home—an object of loathing; having lost her character, she was compelled to walk the streets, or die from starvation; for no one would employ her.

"I never saw him again," she said.

Yes, but "his sin will find him out"; for "we are sure," said Paul, "that the judgment of God is according to truth against them which commit such things; and thinkest thou, O man, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?"

At first I knew not what to do; yet longed to make some *immediate* provision for her. But even if the morrow were "reception day" at any of the penitentiaries, she would not have been admitted, because of the state of her health. I therefore found a lodging for her in the house of a Christian widow, and procured the aid of a medical man, under whose care, and a regular and nutritious diet, she speedily recovered. After remaining in these lodgings about two months, her mother was communicated with, and came immediately to town, accompanied by her other daughter. I shall never forget their meeting; the mother burst into tears; her heart overflowing with gratitude, she exclaimed, "This is indeed an answer

to my prayers. I asked the Lord to send some Christian minister to rescue my child; and this is the answer to my prayers: for here is my child." Both mother and daughter wept for joy; we prayed together and the mother and her two daughters returned to their home in the country.

On the evening I met this young woman, I had made it a subject of prayer, that God would be pleased to use me as an instrument of blessing to some poor wanderer. Thus was this my first case a double answer to prayer.

A short time after returning home, she married a respectable person; and when we last heard of them they were doing well. To the Lord be all the glory.

The remembrance of the circumstances of this case has oft times been to me a source of much encouragement; because it pleased the Lord to bring to a happy issue my first attempt to serve him in this blessed work. It taught me also this lesson,—that I ought to be "instant in season and out of season," doing my Master's work. Who can tell what would have become of this young woman, if, when she accosted me, I had got into the omnibus, and come away without conversing with her? And even when I did, who can tell the hardening effect my message would most likely have had upon her, if I had lent a deaf ear to her appeal, "I am really very hungry"?

There are some, I know, who think it unwise to relieve these young women's wants—who say it is likely to encourage them in their course of sin. Doubtless, like every other good thing, it is open to abuse, and needs to be done with discretion. But let us take heed, lest our christianity be as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." For "whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." In short, let us in this (as in all things) set the Lord Jesus before us as our example. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them," was the taunt of the Pharisees of His day. And if we are called upon to bear the same reproach, let us not think it strange; but go forward steadily and perseveringly, doing the Father's will, as He did,—"if by any means we might save some," counting His smile a sufficient recompense for any amount of shame or toil.

Here is a scene, on the sea-coast of Galilee, which is well worthy of our contemplation :—

"In those days the multitude being very great, and having nothing to eat, Jesus called his disciples unto him, and saith unto them, I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me

three days, and have nothing to eat: and if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way: for divers of them came from far. And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness? And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven. And he commanded the people to sit down on the ground: and he took the seven loaves, and gave thanks, and brake, and gave to his disciples to set before them; and they did set them before the people. And they had a few small fishes: and he blessed, and commanded to set them also before them. So they did eat and were filled; and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets. And they that had eaten were about four thousand: and he sent them away."

"He that *winneth* souls is wise."

Be encouraged then, fellow-labourer in the Master's vineyard, to "do everything heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men"; so shall your present joy in service, and your future reward, be great; for not the outward act, but the motive that prompts the act, the Lord regards.

GRACE BE WITH ALL WHO LOVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST IN SINCERITY.

Do you love Christ?—I ask not if you feel
The warm excitement of that party zeal
Which follows on, while others lead the way,
And make His cause the fashion of the day:
But do you love Him when his garb is mean;
Nor shrink to let your fellowship be seen?
Do you love Jesus, blind, and halt, and maimed?
In prison succour him; nor feel ashamed
To own him,—though his injured name may be
A mark for some dark slander's obliquy!
Do you love Jesus in the orphan's claim;
And bid the widow welcome in His name?
Say not, "When saw we Him?"—Each member dear,
Poor and afflicted, wears His image here;
And if unvalued or unknown by thee,
Where can thy union with the Body be?
And if thou thus art to the body dead,
Where is thy life in Christ the living Head?
And if dissevered from the living Vine,
How canst thou dream that thou hast life divine?

Sweet is the union true believers feel:
Into one Spirit they have drunk;—the seal
Of God is on their hearts,—and thus they see
In each the features of one family!
If one is suffering,—all the rest are sad;
If but the least is honoured,—all are glad.
The grace of Jesus, which they all partake,
Flows out in mutual kindness for His sake;
Here he has left them for awhile to wait,
And represent him in their suffering state;
While He, though glorified, as yet, alone,
Bears the whole church before the Father's throne.

CHAPTER IV.

Brands Plucked from the Burning.

"I hear the accuser roar
Of ills that I have done;
I know them well, and thousands more;
Jehovah findeth none.
Sin, death, and hell, press near,
To harass and appal;
Let but my bleeding God appear,
Backward they go, and fall.
I meet them face to face,
Through Jesus' conquest blest;
March in the triumph of His grace,
Right onward to my rest."

Returning home from a cruise, one night in the Autumn of 1854, I met in the Strand a young woman—or rather a mere child—of very prepossessing appearance, and who, I could tell from her manner, had not long entered on the course of life she was then leading. I had a long conversation with her, and at parting gave her some tracts, and an invitation to the "Temporary Home"; where she called a short time afterwards, and was received.

Whilst there, great pains were taken to instruct her, as she could neither read nor write, and was entirely ignorant of God's Word. During this time the matrons had much to contend with in her, from outbreaks of temper, a fearful habit of lying, and a quarrelsome disposition. However, in time she gave evidence of a work of God in her soul, and became anxious that tracts and religious books should be sent to her sister, who is leading a most immoral life, and with whom she had formerly resided. After some months, she expressed a desire to obtain

a situation, which we succeeded in procuring for her. In three days she was to be ready, to accompany the lady to the country. Her clothes were hastily made, and she buoyant with hope—when a letter came, saying, that during the lady's absence her sister had engaged a servant; consequently she must decline taking Jane. It was a great disappointment to the poor girl; but we can now trace the Lord's hand in it. One week afterwards she complained of a pain in her arm, which at first was thought to be a sprain, but in the course of a few days a lump appeared on the side of her hand, the pain increased, also bodily weakness; and we had her removed to the Middlesex Hospital, where she received every possible attention, with the best surgical skill. Her disease was found to be cancer, and amputation was spoken of; but her blood was so impregnated with the poison, that recovery was hopeless. We removed her to lodgings near us, and placed a kind Christian to watch over her. As soon as she was comfortably settled, the attendance of an experienced cancer doctor was obtained.

During her stay of some months in the hospital, she was visited two or three times a week by friends from the "Home," and soon after her removal from it, we discovered that God had been pleased to reveal Himself to her, and she believed in, and confessed the name of Jesus. These words, "Ye believe in

God, believe also in me," were blessed to her soul. As her disease and suffering increased, so did her peace and joy in the Lord. At intervals, when relieved from suffering, she would talk of the love of Jesus to the person waiting upon her. Once she said, "Oh! Lizzie, only think: one man to die for us all!" This was in reference to a text which had been placed over the fire-place —"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

On another occasion, when I called to see her, she said, "Dear Sir, pray for me, that the Lord may take me soon. I can't endure this burning pain." I knelt down and prayed, and when I had concluded, she said, "Thank you, Sir! God bless you!" Again in her agony, she said, "Lizzie, Lizzie, you kneel down and pray,—pray the Lord to take me soon —very soon." When she heard the words of prayer that she might be released, or given strength to bear the pains, she exclaimed, "Amen! Not one pain too many."

The matron thus describes an interview she had with her shortly before her departure :—

Her agonizing sufferings were painful to witness: she could not sleep, and more than once exclaimed, "How long am I to suffer? I can bear this pain no longer."

Being near her, I said, "Dear Jane, try to think of Jesus, and what he endured."

She said, "Oh, I know this is nothing to His crown of thorns." She took my hand and kissed it, saying, "God bless you."

Seeing me weep, she said, "Don't cry; rejoice! rejoice! I am going to my heavenly Father's home"; and then, speaking to her nurse, she said, "Lizzie, don't cry; rejoice! we shall all meet again."

I said, "Yes, dear; and God will wipe away all tears from our eyes."

She smiled, and feebly uttered, "All joy! I am so happy!" Oh that my mother and sister could but know my happiness! Lizzie, will you talk to my mother?"

"But would you not like to recover, Jane?"

"Oh, no! I want to be with Jesus. Only think how he loved me, to die for *me*."

One evening we found her sleeping, and stole quietly to the bed side: she lay like a corpse; but suddenly opening her eyes, she looked wildly at us, and then closed them without speaking. About two hours after we left, she said, "Lizzie, I am so disappointed; I thought I was in heaven, and when I opened my eyes, I saw Mrs. ——; and yet I am glad to find I am still here. How kind every one is—I don't deserve it."

Nearly the last time I saw her; she beckoned me to move her pillow. She was restless, through want of sleep, and her poor body was so afflicted, she could only lie on her back; when I moved her she said, "Bless the Lord! It will soon be over! I shall soon be in my heavenly home. Dear Mrs. ——, may God bless you; we shall meet in heaven."

Next day her mind wandered; she said, "Lizzie, do you see that beautiful bridge yonder?" pointing upwards. "I am going over that bridge, and you will follow me." She lay for some hours perfectly still, and without a struggle fell asleep in Jesus, on the 14th of November, 1855, at the age of fifteen."

"Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

The following is an autograph statement made by a young lady who picked up one of my notes of invitation in Brompton, and to whom the "Female Temporary Home" afforded shelter, and means of escaping from the paths of destruction:—

I was born at ——, in the year 1830. My mother is English, my father German, and a military man. He was taken prisoner at the Battle of Flushing. I had only reached my sixteenth year when I began my miserable career. While at school at Portsea, my health being delicate, I was ordered by the doctor to take frequent exercise in the air; and while walking one fine morning on the platform, waiting for the opening of the church doors, and looking at a number of military officers who were parading up and down, a fine, tall gentleman accosted me, and made many enquiries as to my family, and where I went to school. Having answered him correctly, and to his satisfaction, he entered further into conversa-

tion, and professed to be attached to me and interested in my welfare, which he should feel much pleasure in promoting; and as an earnest of his sincerity, gave me a very beautiful purse, and told me he had a sister who was in want of the assistance of such a person as myself, and proposed that we should all three meet the following evening, which was agreed upon; but I was not to let anyone know of it. I felt in the interim I had done wrong, but I thought if I could but be a captain's wife how fortunate I should be, so I was punctual to the engagement. We met, but no sister accompanied him; he said she was unwell, and could not come, but would be delighted to see me, and offered to conduct me to his residence, where his sister, he stated, was waiting. I hesitated, but soon consented, being prevailed upon by his pleasant manners and fair speeches.

After a short walk, we entered some barracks by the back way; where he took me to his rooms, and treated me with much apparent kindness—put a gold watch and chain round my neck, and told me I should be his wife for ever. He then opened a drawer, and shewed me a great many Bank of England notes and sovereigns, and told me to take what I wanted. At this juncture the bugle sounded for *lights out*, and I felt much frightened, and in his power. Being overcome with wine, I knew nothing more till I was awoke by the band playing in the barrack-square

for parade, the following morning, when I found myself alone, and locked in. The thought of my folly, and the distress of mind my poor mother must be in, made me cry bitterly. When he returned he endeavoured to soothe me, by saying we must be married by a Roman Catholic priest; he did not wish his mother, Lady ——, to know anything about it. But he always locked me in. I often saw from the window, my poor mother in a distracted state, walking about the barrack-square in search of me; but I felt I dare not let her see me; and so things passed on for a fortnight. When he returned one day, apparently in a very unhappy mood, he took me by the hand, and said, "Harriet, I have something to tell you; my regiment is ordered to Ireland; you had better take apartments near this, and I will come to you. I go on Tuesday next, and will make arrangements and send for you." I still thought him sincere, and did as he desired; but I did not hear from him. The little stock of money he gave me was soon gone, and I had to dispose of part of my clothes to purchase food. At length my confidence in him failed me, and I went to the barracks and made enquiries as to where the regiment of Captain —— had gone, when, to my astonishment, I was informed that it had gone to Manchester, not Ireland. Having told an officer my sad tale, and made known my miserable plight, he seemed to deeply sympathise

with me, gave me a warm wrapper and two sovereigns, and advised me to go by the next train to Manchester, and take a cab to the barracks; which I did. After a few unpleasant words, he consented to my remaining with him. I did so until the regiment was ordered to Scotland, when he endeavoured to get rid of me again in a similar manner; but I followed him; and though he used me very ill, yet I continued to live with him, having no other means of support. At length he became so cruel that I was obliged to leave him, and seek a similar engagement with the son of General ——, who introduced me to a number of females who had been as foolish and unfortunate as myself: with these I frequented the theatres and ball-rooms. Here I met with a gentleman who made overtures to me, which I gladly accepted, and accompanied him to Ireland, where he took a comfortable residence for me, and did all he could to make me happy. But meeting with a person of rank, I was persuaded to leave him, and go to London, and lodge with Mrs. ——, in Piccadilly, where he visited me. I also made other acquaintances in this house, so that my gains were considerable; but I seldom saw the money paid for me, except when I asked a gentleman to give me some unknown to the landlady. I was a favourite, and allowed to go out by myself. Becoming acquainted with a woman who lived in —— Street, St. James's, by the name of

Madame de ——, now called Mrs. ——,* I accepted her invitation to dine at her house; and as there was to be a *bal masqué* at Vauxhall-gardens that evening, I dressed myself gaily, and in company with two others went there. When we arrived, we met a number of gay gentlemen, one of whom afterwards took apartments for me in Regent-street, and supplied my wants, occasionally visiting me for four or five months. Then he was invited to visit an uncle at Amsterdam, who is a Banker, and at his desire I accompanied him, and remained with him until he returned to England. We then went to Cornwall, where I lived in great extravagance; but through intemperate habits, I offended him, and as a punishment he left me. When I found he had abandoned me, I gave myself up entirely to drink, and was soon reduced to want. While in a state of intoxication, I fell and broke my collar-bone; this affliction caused me to reflect, and I resolved to abandon, if possible, my sinful course of life, and avail myself of any means of reformation. At this juncture, (having spent several nights out of doors, sitting for hours on door-steps), I was received into Lieut. Blackmore's institution, where I trust, by God's blessing, I shall remain, until I am able to get some honest employment.

* This woman has been in prison several times for entrapping young girls.

After remaining in the "Home" a few months, she left. Shortly afterwards she became seriously ill, and sent for Lieut. Blackmore, who, with other friends, visited her. Her mother also came from the country, and remained with her until her death. During her illness, the Word of God took hold on her conscience; her sins were set in array before her, and she became deeply troubled in mind. But before her death she was enabled, as a ruined sinner, to trust in "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The following letter was received from her mother soon after her death :—

"Respected Sir,—I beg leave to say that I very much regret being from my temporary abode, when the gentleman called to enquire after my late dear child, whose end I trust was peace. She died in a happy state of mind, in the firm hope of a joyful resurrection. She had no wish to live, from her being taken ill; she said she knew it was unto death, and begged a clergyman might be sent for, who kindly visited her, and with whom she was at all times most anxious to communicate. She had suffered much in body, but was most resigned and patient; her poor mind was much impaired with epileptic fits, consequently she was at times incoherent, though she had long intervals of consciousness.

"I shall take home with me those beautiful tracts, which were presented by you. I have a small book, entitled, 'Come to Jesus,' which she often read, and when awaking from her broken slumbers, she used to ask for her little 'yellow-covered book.'

"Respected Sir, I feel her loss keenly; still I don't sorrow without hope; my loss of her is, I pray, to her eternal gain. Her remains are deposited in the Brompton Cemetery, and I do trust and hope, when the last trumpet shall sound, she may be found at the right hand of God.

"I beg leave to say, Sir, that on her first becoming an inmate of your blessed 'Home,' she wrote, I believe, an account of her unfortunate life, of which she told me she would leave me a copy. If, Sir, you may be pleased to grant me a copy of the same, I should indeed feel very thankful. I have a two-fold motive in desiring it; I have children, and grandchildren. Sometimes good arises from a simple account.

"In begging, Sir, you will accept my humble and heartfelt thanks, for all your goodness, joined with others of your good establishment, towards my late child,

"I humbly beg to subscribe myself

"Your grateful servant,

"C. M."

CHAPTER V.

A Midnight Ramble in the Streets of London.

By J. La T.

"Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Wave her dishonour,
Sin has left on her
Something still beautiful;—
Forgiving her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour."

Hood's Poems.

The following is an account of a midnight ramble in the streets of London, by a gentleman who has for many years taken a lively interest in the reclamation of fallen women :—

It was at half-past nine in the evening of the first January, 1858, that I left the "Female Temporary Home" in the Marylebone-road, in company with two friends, having first sought God's blessing, by united prayer, on the work in which we were about to engage. We proceeded along the Edgware-road, distributing tracts, in the form of notes, to "unfortunate" women, and urging them to abandon their sinful life, and to call for advice at the above-named house, where a temporary home is kept open for those who may desire to turn from the error of their ways. We also gave suitable tracts to young men in company with females, and to others who were wandering in the streets.

Passing the Marble Arch, we went along Oxford-street, where we met many members of that unhappy

sisterhood, which it is our endeavour to reclaim from the paths of sin and misery. One young and handsome woman whom I addressed, appeared anxious to discontinue her degrading course of life; but at her abode of sin she had a child, whom, she said, she could not leave to enter the "Temporary Home." She promised, however, to call there for advice, (which I assured her would be most willingly afforded,) and also to read the tracts I left with her.

From Oxford-street we passed down Regent-street, my two friends walking on one side of the street, and I on the other. Here we met many showily dressed females, and I became aware that my excellent friend's name and work were known by several of them; for in more than one instance, when I had, after a short conversation, presented a tract or two, I was asked, "Are you not Lieut. Blackmore?"

At the end of Regent-street I joined my two friends, and we proceeded to the Haymarket. Here a sight, gloomy in the extreme to the gaze of a Christian, met the eye. Crowds of men and women thronged the flagways, and many a loud laugh and coarse joke fell on my ear. I spoke to most of the women, many having first accosted me with words that chilled my heart, and increased the first impulse I felt to recoil from such a scene. But soon I found myself completely possessed by an intense desire to benefit these unhappy creatures; and a feeling that

God might so bless my endeavours this night, as to make me instrumental in rescuing one of these fallen ones, completely filled my heart, and I became so occupied that I did not notice the absence of my companions ; and as I had mistaken our arrangements for meeting, in case we should be separated, I saw them no more that night. I shall not easily forget that most painful scene in the Haymarket. One girl, after a short conversation, said to me, "I never think,—I am afraid to think!" When I asked another if she was happy, her reply was, "Do not be my tormentor!" A third tore up the tract I gave her, with a laugh of mockery, awful as the voice of the lost. Several, however, seemed to desire to leave their sinful courses, promised to apply at the address I had given them, and listened attentively to what I said ; but in many cases something was put forward as an obstacle in the way of amendment. I left this piteous scene, after distributing a number of tracts, which, I may say, were generally well received.

From the Haymarket, I took my way along Pall Mall, where I met a few of the same unfortunate class. They accepted my tracts, but were not influenced, I fear, by any earnest desire to amend their ways.

Passing up St. James's-street, I met two very prepossessing young persons, and from the lengthened conversation I had with them, I have a hope that,

with God's blessing, one at least of the two may yet be rescued from the paths of vice. I left them several tracts, and one of them promised to call at the address I gave her. I next met, in the same street, a young woman, splendidly dressed, and evidently socially superior to the rest of her wretched class. She told me her history, adding that she would continue her present life for a short time longer, until "her friend," who was then out of town, should marry her, which she confidently averred was his intention. Nothing that I could say seemed to have any effect towards shaking her resolution, and sorrowfully I parted from her, convinced that the friend she spoke of would never return, and knowing what must be the end of a continuance in such a career.

Entering Bond-street, I encountered a poor young creature in deep misery. I drew from her the tale, that having been brought up by respectable parents, she had wandered into the ways of vice, and become the most miserable wretch on earth; and that, but for her three children, whom she seemed to love with all a mother's fondness, she would have long since thrown herself over Waterloo-bridge; they were starving now, she said; and a flood of tears expressed the sorrow which it could not relieve. I gave her a little money, and having spoken very seriously to her, imploring her to repent and seek forgivness of God, I left her.

On returning through Oxford-street, I was accosted by several females of the most degraded class, who, after one o'clock, are to be found in the principal streets. I spoke to almost all I met, but I could not expect that on those so hardened in sin a few serious words could make any apparent impression. At twenty minutes past one I returned home.

My narrative is no tale of adventure. My midnight stroll revealed to me no *singular* disclosures of romantic sin or sorrow. I only state the facts of one night's ramble, as they occurred; God alone can read the heart: and who shall say, that, accompanied by His Spirit, the words He enabled me to speak may not be the means of leading some poor sinner to repentance?

If the history of many of these unhappy creatures were disclosed, it would command the special pity and exertions of many charitable persons of both sexes, whom God has blessed with means. Betrayed, deceived, deserted, and, one might almost add, *driven* to a life of sin, where is the hope of rescue for these poor sinners? Their mode of life shuts them out from the visits of Christ's ministers, and from all the ordinary means of grace. Happiness is impossible for them; no way of escape presents itself—and alas, too often the voice of conscience, which will endeavour to make itself heard in the breast of many

a poor girl, is stifled by frequent recourse to the strongest stimulants, as the only means of drowning thought.

To him on whom the Lord has bestowed a spirit of true philanthropy, what a field of usefulness lies open in our London streets by night! Though the work be accompanied with much, that to the mind of a Christian must be deeply painful, still it is a "labour of love" to the man who, from devotion to the service of his Master, longs to rescue from destruction the souls of those led downward by Satan—to arrest their swift descent, to show them something of the riches of God's love, and to lead them to glorify our Father in heaven.

Would to God that Christian laymen (by whom only, I may say, this unhappy class of our fellow creatures can be approached), would come forward and enter with zeal on this noble undertaking, for the rescue of these pitiable and most helpless sinners! I know that difficult and painful is the task; it will entail much discouragement, and only in entire dependance upon God can it be carried on with any hope of continuance and success. It requires the fullest measure of Divine strength, and should never be commenced or prosecuted without earnest prayer for assistance from on high. It needs to be undertaken solely from motives of love to God and to our neighbour, and in a kind and gentle spirit. When thus undertaken, it

will surely be blessed to the salvation and happiness of many a poor soul, now in the "gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." And if the Christian missionary be instrumental in leading even one such sinner to repentance, the gratitude of the penitent, as well as the assurance of the joy of the angels in heaven, shall be his rich reward; and truly he will have every reason to praise God for having put into his heart the first holy desire for a midnight ramble in the streets of London.

"DEAL KINDLY WITH THE ERRING."

Deal kindly with the erring—
Ye know not all the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour;
Ye may not know how earnestly
She struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus she fell!

Deal kindly with the erring—
Oh! do not thou forget
However darkly stained by sin,
She is thy sister yet;
Kin of the self-same heritage,—
Loved of the self-same God,
She hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Deal kindly with the erring—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Deal kindly with the erring—
Thou yet may'st lead her back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track:
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee!

CHAPTER VI.

An Elopement.

"Oh, ladies of England! arouse from your apathy! Which of the two is most to be dreaded or scorned:—He who the following day is to be seen in the drawing-room—welcomed by the virtuous and unsuspecting; or she who has been ruined by him, and, if known, is scowled upon in the distance—or if unknown, is pining away in solitude, an outcast from society?"

A GENTLEMAN interested in this work having called upon me for conversation and mutual encouragement in missionary labour, sent me the following account of a deeply-interesting case he met with on his way home that evening:—

After leaving you on Friday evening, I proceeded homeward down the Bayswater-road—intending to walk as far as Knightsbridge, and take notice of everything that had a bearing on the subject about which we had been conversing. On my way I met several of these unhappy females; but did not stop to speak with any of them. Presently I saw one so different from the rest, that I could not help being attracted towards her; she was accompanied by a middle-aged female, whom I afterwards ascertained was her "keeper." As they drew near, it was not difficult to perceive that this young person had not yet learnt the art of accosting the passer by; for the elder one acted in her stead. Feeling a great desire to speak to her, I passed on, but waited

at a short distance till they came up to me. Her "keeper" then motioned instructions, and left me with her. She did not speak. This made me still more anxious to ascertain the circumstances that had driven her to such a life of shame. She merely smiled—but so sad and so forced a smile; there was, indeed, something most affecting in the mournful expression of her countenance, that I shall never forget.

"I will not waste this precious time," I said; "but tell you at once it is my desire to serve you. I see you dislike the condition in which I find you. Is it not so?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she said, trying to suppress her feelings. "You do not know what I feel to-night; I believe I am going mad; I know I shall."

Her language, and the tone of her voice, at once assured me that it was a person of no ordinary education and refinement I was addressing.

"Come away from this degradation!" I said. "I will take you to a comfortable home this very night; where you can reflect quietly on the future, and I will see what can be done."

"I cannot!" she replied. "Look at that woman there! I dare not come away; but I thank you very much."

"I suppose they will bring a long bill against you, if I ask for your release."

She only sighed. After reflecting a few moments, a thought suddenly occured to me.

"Would you mind adopting a disguise?" I said.

"I will gladly do anything to effect my escape from that loathsome woman."

"Well, then, I think I can manage it; I will go to a clothier's shop I know in Oxford-street, and purchase a suit, as if for myself. You are about my height. We will then go to the house; you shall put them on, and come away with me in disguise."

Her face seemed radiant with delight at the prospect of escape, which gave me courage. We then walked up to her "keeper."

"It 's getting late," I said. "Let's take a cab. But first of all I 'll just go into Oxford-street, to see if some clothes are ready for me; and then we 'll all go home together."

In a few minutes we arrived at the shop. Leaving them in the cab, I went in and bought what I required, and returned. We then drove off to the house; on arriving at which I was ushered into the drawing-room, where I waited till the young lady had changed her attire. On her return the disguise proved excellent. I happened to have my Turkish cap in my pocket; this I placed on her head—the long tassel of which partly concealed her face; a cloak, with the collar turned up, completed the metamorphosis. The difficulty that now remained

was to pass the street door without being detected. It was arranged, in case of necessity, that I should speak for both. But the Turkish cap and cloak gave her so much the appearance of a young foreigner, that the mother tongue could scarcely be expected of him. She took my arm; and we quickly descended the stairs, at the foot of which, however, we encountered the "keeper." My companion now trembled so much, that I was fearful lest she should faint.

The critical moment had arrived, when discovery would have been fatal to the whole project. I was able, however, to preserve my self-possession; and knowing the cupidity of the inmates of these houses of iniquity, I gave the woman a considerable sum of money, explaining that the foreigner on my arm was a young friend I had just met with. The money, as I anticipated, blinded the eyes of the "keeper," who nodded in assent of what I said. As she turned up stairs, where discovery awaited her, we hurried along the hall, and reached the street without further obstruction. A few moments more, and we were in the cab I had ordered to be in waiting for us.

"Drive to Portman-square with all your might!" I said. "Be off, now! Stop for nothing! They are a bad lot here"; and the cab whirled away, as though the driver entered into our anxiety. The young lady sat trembling and weeping; but once fairly off, I

tried to cheer her with the assurance that she was safe. Fearing they might know the number of the cab, I discharged it at Portman-square, and took another—a hint, by-the-bye, you had given me that evening.

Having conveyed her to the house of a Christian relative, after feeling sufficiently composed, she gave me the following brief sketch of her misfortunes.

Her friends were in affluent circumstances; but from considerations of delicacy, anything that would lead to their identification must be omitted. The week previous to the above occurrence, she was a boarder at an establishment in the country, where her parents were paying £180 per annum for her education. A villian in the garb of a man, and calling himself a gentleman, had visited a lady in the same house, where he saw this young lady, to whom he made many protestations of affection. His position, of course, was "unexceptionable." He spoke of his friend Lord ——, and the Earl of ——, his own estates, hounds, etc.; all of which was told in a way calculated to deceive a wiser head. In a short time he proposed marriage and an elopement—seeming to know the romantic ideas a school-girl has of a run-away match. This being agreed upon, the poor child (for she was not more than seventeen) left her school with him—arrived in London—and was taken to a "flash-house," which he called his "town residence."

On the afternoon of their arrival, he told her he was going out to procure a marriage-licence. "I loved him so much," she said, "that I could have laid down my life he would be good and true!" In a short time he returned, and showed his victim what seemed to be a marriage-licence. It is not difficult to guess how one who had shown himself so consummate a deceiver, succeeded in inflicting upon an artless and confiding girl, a great and grevious wrong. On the day after their arrival in London, she expected their marriage to take place; but pretending that he was obliged to absent himself for a short time, he left her and returned no more.

She now began to realise the irreparable error she had committed in listening to his plausible speeches. Deceived and dishonoured, she dared not tell her parents! What could she do? The dreadful suggestion of committing suicide presented itself to her; and she was leaving the house that evening for this purpose, when she was accosted by the landlady.

"Where are you going?" she said.

"I am going away, ma'am."

"Going away! and who is to pay for what you have had?"

"There are all my clothes; they are worth a great deal."

"Oh! that's no good."

"Well, here are three pounds, which, besides a few shillings, is all I have in the world."

"Here, Mr. ——," she said, "how much does this lady and gentleman owe?"

"The gentleman, ma'am! I have not to pay for him. He is a bad man. Besides, I know not what he has had."

"No matter; we can't lose it; the bill is twenty seven pounds ten shillings."

"Oh! it is impossible for me to pay it; I do not possess so much."

"Then you must get it; that 's all."

"But I tell you, ma'am, I cannot!"

"Oh! nonsense; you *must*. Your pretty face will soon obtain it."

The sequel has been told. This was the woman I met with her, on the evening of her rescue.

I may add, that I have visited the young lady's parents twice. The interviews were most painful. The mother would have forgiven her; but the father was exasperated beyond measure, and declared he would not suffer her to enter his house.

Her manners are, in every respect, all one could wish or expect in a highly-educated young lady.

After a residence of three months in the Christian household above mentioned, it became apparent that

God had begun a work of grace in the soul of this young lady. The joy of her deliverer was great. Again he visited her parents, and entreated the father to forgive his daughter and receive her back again, as God had forgiven and received her; asking him, at the same time, to give to him the hand of his daughter in marriage, and thus restore her to an honourable position in life. This was too much for him; for he had a father's heart still—and love triumphed over righteousness. He forgave and embraced his daughter; and from her own home she was married to him who had been instrumental in God's hand of saving both her body and soul from destruction. Her parents gave the wedding-breakfast, and as the father in the parable rejoiced over the returned prodigal, and called together his friends and neighbours to participate in his joy,—so did this father and mother rejoice over their daughter. "This our child was dead and is alive again, she was lost and is found."

Shortly after their marriage they went abroad; and became subscribers to the blessed work in which I am engaged.

Strange and unreal as this account may seem to some, it will no doubt appear still more so, when I add, that we received two other offers of marriage for this young lady—one of which being from a clergyman. The following is a copy of his letter:—

"SIR,—A gentleman would be willing, so far as is known at present, to marry that unfortunate girl whose history is given in the missionary labours for the Female Temporary Home. Every man of honourable feelings must mourn over such a terrible fall, arising, most probably, from childish inconsistencies.

"This gentleman is not a rich man, and about thirty years of age. He would subscribe towards the remaining of the young lady in the Female Temporary Home, or elsewhere: or marry her, provided he could do so without any circumstances connected with the matter getting known, so as to prevent her taking her place in society again; provided also there appeared no other objection, either in her own wish, or otherwise, after an interview. This is written in perfect good faith, for one who sincerely feels for the poor girl, and would do all in his power to save her from the terrible consequences which may, even yet, follow her rash act.

"Should this appear worthy of notice, the writer will be glad to call upon you towards the end of the week, if you will appoint a day.

"Yours obediently,

_____"

Not being aware of the exact position of affairs with regard to the young lady, I forwarded this gentleman's letter to my friend. A few days later I received the following reply :—

"My dear Sir,—Your letter has reached me just before it was too late; that is, with respect to a reply.

"Have the goodness to thank the writer of the kind note enclosed, and say, the lady has a suitor, a rich man—every way rich, and he loves her as she deserves to be loved. She has accepted his affection. Her parents, with whom she now is, consent. They will be married on the 21st of the present month, and then return home to a *dejeuner*; and start immediately.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Faithfully yours,

_____"

I also received the following letter, a short time before they left England:—

"My dear Sir,—I should not have been silent so long, but I have for some time been very seriously ill. Often there is but a step between me and death; and though, as my medical adviser says, I shall recover ultimately, if I have sufficient strength of constitution to stand the heat awhile; yet it is not certain at present. I wish to go abroad at the earliest opportunity. I have just returned from Cornwall; so I have really hardly anything to say to you.

"As to the young lady, God has made manifest His power; out of evil He has brought forth good. She was so delighted, and her heart so deeply touched by a residence in the bosom of a family where she daily witnessed only the calm, loving spirit of the gospel, that she could not resist (she herself is speaking) the holy peace she saw, and greatly wished to enjoy the same happy state. She resolved, and sought. God kept His part of the covenant, and she found the rest her soul desired. She is perfectly satisfied of her acceptance with Him. From what I have seen of her character—so deep, fervent, resolute—I believe she is a very excellent woman.

"I thank you for the tracts you kindly sent. I should greatly like to be present. I shall see.

"I am, very dear Sir,
"Yours in the Lord Jesus,
———"

"HE RESTORETH MY SOUL."

I WAS a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
I would not be controll'd.

I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
I lov'd afar to roam.

I was a wandering sheep;
I would not be controll'd:
But now I love my Shepherd's voice;
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child;
I once preferr'd to roam:
But now I love my Father's voice;
I love, I love his home.

Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that lov'd my soul;
'Twas He that washed me in his blood!
'Twas He that made me whole.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep;
Twas He that brought me to the fold;
'Tis He that still doth keep.

BONAR.

CHAPTER VII.

More Wanderers Reclaimed.

Eternity alone will declare the amount of good done. In that day, when Jesus shall come to make up his jewels, many, many rescued ones of this much to be pitied class will shine amongst them, and cast their crowns before the throne, joining in the one song, "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

"Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.
No cloud these happy regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there."

A LOST SHEEP FOUND.

C. D. was admitted into the Dormitory in November 1851. I met this young woman one Sunday evening, as I was passing down a low street in the neighbourhood of St. Pancras Church. She was standing outside a door. I gave her a tract, and entered into conversation. Finding I was not mistaken in her character, I invited her to the Dormitory.

She said, "I am quite willing, if I had but a bonnet and shawl."

Believing her to be sincere, I promised to send her these. She accordingly came and was admitted. At the expiration of three months, a situation was obtained for her, where she behaved herself to the satisfaction of her employers. In January 1854, she was married.

When this young woman had found the Saviour, (or rather, had been found of Him,) she became a zealous missionary to her companions, and frequently

wrote to those she had left behind at the Dormitory. The following is an extract from one of these letters, which has been preserved :—

"My dear Friends,—It affords me much pleasure when I take up my pen to write to you, hoping you will pay particular attention to these few words. I have heard some of you say that you have tried to pray, and cannot. I could not pray myself at first, but I would not give it up. The Lord has lent an ear unto me, and given me repentance and forgiveness. Oh! I hope you will seek God, while He is to be found. Do not delay. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." We none of us know how soon we may be called into eternity. In one moment we may be snatched away; should we not, then, fear God, who is so merciful to us? If we are cut off in the midst of our sins, what will become us? Oh! let us give ourselves to God, that we may not perish. If you feel you cannot pray, ask those for advice who are coming from time to time. Pay great attention to the Word of God; read it with seriousness of heart; do not laugh at one, if you should see her with the Testament in her hand, as some of you have done. Remember the eye of God is upon you, even at that moment. Which does He think most of; the one who derides, or the other (that is to say, if she is in

earnest)? Oh! my dear friends, I would exhort you to consider these things; and if you think of them, it may perhaps do you some good. Help one another to pray, when in the work room, without the matrons, talk to one another about the truths of the gospel; you will find pleasure in so doing. Some of you have thought, when I have not been talking with you, that I have been disagreeable; but I have been happy, thinking that Christ died for such a sinner as me. What can we render to God for all his gifts?"

"Yours sincerely,

"C. D."

A HOPEFUL CASE.

On a Sunday Evening, in August 1851, as I was returning home, down Gray's-inn-lane, I was accosted by E. S. I asked her whether she had been to a place of worship that night; as I expected, she replied in the negative. On further enquiry I ascertained that she was living with a man who was not her husband, but who had promised to marry her.

"And are you really happy?" I said. "Do you not wish you could leave this life of sin?"

"What am I to do?" she replied.

"Come with me, and I will take care of you." I then gave her a note of invitation to the Dormitory. When we parted, she promised either to write or call within four days, to give me an answer. Before the expiration of that time, she came and was admitted.

After remaining in the Dormitory five months, a situation was procured for her, where she conducted herself very well.

The following letter was received from her while there:—

"Dear Sir,—Permit me to return my humble thanks for all the kindness I have received from you. I am thankful for the situation I have got. I hope, by the blessing of God, I may do my duty. I find great consolation in the Bible you gave me, and in the "Pilgrim's Progress"; they have been a blessing to my soul. I hope it may be a blessing to many more. I hope the Lord will pour His Holy Spirit into many hearts of those in the institution, and all that may enter; for it has been a blessing to my soul, and I hope it may be so to many more. I often think how I was rushing to destruction till I met with you. How I bless the Lord that He sent so kind a friend to deliver me from ruin, and to save my soul from hell. I pray earnestly that the Lord may keep me in His ways, and that I shall be a member of Christ. I hope the Lord will strengthen you in

the work of Christ. I hope that many may receive the benefit that I have received from the good instructions they hear; for it has been a blessing and consolation to my soul; for I feel as if I cannot pray enough in my work. I pray and sing praises to the Lord. It is a blessed thing there is so good an institution; and I hope, by the blessing of God, that there will rise up many more Christian friends to assist you in the work of Christ.

"Your most thankful and humble servant,

"E. S."

This young woman was married to a respectable person, in May 1854.

A FORTUNATE MEETING.

A GENTLEMAN residing in our neighbourhood was on the platform at the station the other day, in company with a friend from London, who had lately arrived on a few days' visit. The up-train stopped as they were standing conversing, and the attention of the Boston gentleman was quickly attracted by perceiving a young female of prepossessing appearance, with

whose parents he was acquainted, seated in a first-class carriage. He approached the window, and entered into conversation with her, somewhat surprised at the expensive mode of travelling which she had chosen, as her father was in humble, though respectable circumstances. A few moments explained all. She had answered an advertisement, which appeared in a Hull newspaper, offering a confortable home in a respectable family, for a nursery governess. The elderly lady, so richly dressed, who was with her in the carriage, had come from London expressly to have an interview with her, and was so well satisfied with the result of the inquiries she had made, that the engagement had been concluded, and Miss —— was then on her way to town with her newly-found friend. The gentleman having tendered his congratulations to both ladies, turned from the carriage, and was immediately addressed by his London friend.

"You are certainly very courageous in the country, in acknowledging your acquaintances."

"How so?"

"The young lady is a stranger to me, though evidently an old friend of yours. As for the other woman ——"

"What of her? I don't know her."

"You don't? She is Mrs. ——, (naming an infamous procuress,) of Gower-street."

There was not a moment to lose. The signal for

starting had been given, and the whistle was sounding; but fortunately, a few moments were sufficient to explain to Miss —— the imminent danger which threatened her. She left the carriage without any opposition on the part of her companion, who spoke not a single word, and evidently feared the result of the discovery which she saw had taken place. The gratitude of the young lady and her friends may be well imagined. By a mere accident, the former had been rescued from a life of misery.

These facts, I trust, will act as a caution to all young females, who are compelled to seek situations by answering advertisements which appear in the public prints.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

Some time since, a young lady inserted an advertisement in the *Times*, for a situation as governess, to which she received a reply; but it was couched in terms such as to excite the suspicions of the young woman's friends, with regard to the designs of the writer. Having been made acquainted with the facts of the case, I determined upon answering this

doubtful correspondent, and eventually a communication was received by the young lady, appointing the following day—the place of meeting to be at the foot of Nelson's column. A female was thereupon procured to personate the advertiser, and three male friends and the young lady attended at a distance, to watch the proceedings. As the time appointed drew near, a person approached the Column, and seeing the arranged signal in the hand of the young woman, immediately addressed her. But judge of the astonishment of her friends, when, instead of a young man, who might possibly have found an excuse in the impetuous feelings of youth, they observed an aged gentleman, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, whose repulsive appearance denoted an indulgence in almost every kind of vice. A few moments conversation sufficed to show that he had mistaken his intended victim; and he accordingly departed, as might be expected, without the slightest indication of his name, address, or occupation.

The female returned to her home; but we vigilantly watched the attempted betrayer of innocence, and having observed him enter one of the iniquitous dens in the neighbourhood, we contrived to procure a knowledge of his name and residence; finding that the law could not reach him, we left, hoping that some future occasion might afford an opportunity of pointing out to him the error of his ways.

Would that this were a solitary case! but many, alas, are the instances of young and unsuspecting females, who, on coming to London to seek a situation, have been thus entrapped. On account of the smallness of their means, they have taken cheap lodgings; morning after morning they have read the advertising columns of the daily papers, and perhaps themselves advertised, without procuring the employment they desired. Their little stock of money has gradually diminished—then some of their clothes have been pledged to meet their wants, and their anxiety to procure a situation has become so great, that they would gladly accept anything. Then comes the tempter. A letter is received,—perhaps from such an one as he who has just been mentioned, who coolly and systematically plans her ruin; or may be, it is from some "procuress," who feigns to be a lady of rank, and proposes liberal terms; the poor girl is lured by the prospect of high wages, and accepts the proffered employment; for a day or two all goes on well—she has many privileges, and is very comfortable; but by and by she discovers that she is in a house of ill fame. At first she is greatly shocked. But the contrast between her late poverty and her present comforts presents itself to her. She hesitates and wavers. The keepers of the house have their eyes upon her. It is not their first victim; and they know well how to pro-

ceed. They now redouble their kindness, to set off in greater contrast her former poverty. Presently a walk is suggested by some young woman residing in the house—then another, later in the evening—then the casino is visited, where she makes the acquaintance of gay companions of both sexes,—and so, step by step, she is led onward in the broad road that leads to destruction.

EVIL PREVENTED.

A LATE inmate of one of our Homes being out of a situation, and not liking to become chargeable to us again, while she could provide for herself, obtained lodgings at a "Servants' Home," till she could procure employment. After waiting some time, a lady and gentleman called, and entered into an engagement with her. The wages were all she could desire; and the outward appearance and affable manners of her new employers gave her hope of a comfortable situation. For a time all went on well; her mistress giving her much more liberty than is usually granted to servants.

"You can go out any evening you like," she would often say.

And the girl, glad of a little out-door recreation, frequently availed herself of the offer—wondering why her mistress could be so kind, especially as a great number of visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, were constantly calling;—sometimes staying there all night.

One morning her mistress said to her, "Mary, one of our visitors has a bad cold, and not able to come down to breakfast this morning; you must take it to his room."

The girl at once suspected there was something wrong, and replied to the effect, that she had never been accustomed to do so, and hoped she would excuse her. Her mistress did not press her then; but a day or so later, she repeated the request with more austerity. The girl again refused.

"You are too particular by half," she said, sharply.

"Still, I would rather not, ma'am; I do not think it right."

Here the matter dropped. But the girl having had her suspicions aroused, became an acute, but silent observer of all that transpired in the house; and wrote to one of our missionaries, to ask his advice. When he had read her letter, he immediately went to the house, (in one of the finest terraces in our neighbourhood,) and feeling assured of the character of its inmates, brought her away at once.

The efforts of this mission are not confined to nightly perambulations in the streets; but in order to carry out our operations still more efficiently, a married missionary, of mature years and experience, is engaged to assist in visiting young women desirous of being rescued; and the necessary aid to secure their release, as far as practicable, is afforded. He is also on the alert at Railway termini, on the arrival of trains from the country, to put young females on their guard against the artifices so commonly and successfully practised upon them on coming to London to seek situations. Such are soon surrounded by these plausible, but *false friends*, who pretend kindness by conducting them to cheap lodgings; and they are induced by their fair speeches and kind offers to believe them sincere. But they are not long in their new habitation, before they discover that they have been entrapped and victimised; their money, as a matter of course, soon goes; their stock of clothes is disposed of—but no situations obtained. What next are they to do? Their betrayer soon gives them to understand that they must do as others have done before them, and seek a livelihood in the ways of sin! Necessity stares them in the face, and, reluctantly, they follow the evil advice given; and thus it is, the ruin of hundreds is achieved.

AN APPEAL OF A FALLEN SISTER.

Tell me, am I not thy sister?
Is not this a Christian land?
Where is then the heart to pity?
Where, oh! where the helping hand?
All can frown, but few can succour,
All can words of coldness say:
They who frown are sinners also—
I but sinned another way.
Gladly would I cease from sinning,
Gladly bear the shame and smart;
Open but one friendly dwelling,
Open but one loving heart.

Ye, who all profess to follow
In the steps of Christ alone,
Why are ye the first to "wonder"?
Why the first to cast the stone?
Wretched as I am, and fallen
From the height of virtue down,
God Himself can look upon me,
Jesus pities—Christians frown.
Gladly would I cease from sinning,
Gladly bear the shame and smart;
Open but one friendly dwelling,
Open but one loving heart.

Once I had a tender father,
And a happy mother smiled;
There was sunshine in our dwelling,
Heart's own sunshine round the child.

Death first cast his dreary shadow,
Then the shade of famine came;
Then the dark seducer entered—
Then the struggle! then the shame!
Gladly would I cease from sinning,
Gladly bear the shame and smart;
Open but one friendly dwelling,
Open but one loving heart.

Think not we are never startled
By the "voice of God" within;
Virtue lies, though crushed and broken,
In this foul embrace of sin.
None will give us work or succour,
Honest means are all in vain;
God says—go, and sin no longer;
Man says—go, and sin again!
Gladly would I cease from sinning,
Gladly bear the shame and smart;
Open but one friendly dwelling,
Open but one loving heart.

Father of the faithful daughter,
Brother of the sister dear,
Think, but for the grace of Heaven,
Those you love may wander here.
You have other fallen sisters,
Charity at home begins;
Strive to save their souls from error,
Hide a multitude of sins.
Gladly would I cease from sinning,
Gladly bear the shame and smart;
Open but one friendly dwelling,
Open but one loving heart.

H. LANPHIER.

Somerville.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Australian Emigrant.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." Heb. vii. 25.

The wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcome home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

And when I in thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

The following is the autobiography of a young lady, written while an inmate of the "Female Temporary Home"; who is now filling the situation of a governess in Australia:—

The earliest period from which I can form any distinct recollection of my life is when I was nine years of age. My parents were then maintaining a good position in society. My father was a wordly-minded man, but most indulgent to his children; I do not remember ever having heard him utter a harsh word. My mother was of quite an opposite character, and although she was true kindness itself, her eyes were not blinded to our defects. She would often gather her children around her, to read to them; and often have I seen her shed tears over my obstinacy.

At the time from which I commence my history, we were residing at Liverpool. My father having lost his position in society, through extravagance, was at last thankful for the situation of governor of the

workhouse in W——. My brother, sister, and myself, were then sent to a boarding-school. It was a great trial to our mother to part with us, as we had until then always received instruction from a resident governess.

At this school I first saw all kinds of deception practised; the governesses thought of little else than pleasure, and were constantly at their brother's house, who, from the nature of his establishment, kept up a constant scene of gaiety. There were dancing parties every month, and I always formed one of the party that attended them. The governesses must have been unprincipled in the extreme; for I was constantly forced to tell lies, and deny things I had actually seen. Nevertheless I was happy, though seldom or ever out of a scrape. I once induced nine of my companions to run away as far as N——; but in spite of all, I continued to be the favorite. My sister, on the contrary, hated the school. She was remarkably talented, but always "on the black books" with the teachers, on account of being too straightforward for them. We had been here about nine months, when my mother came to London for her health; but she soon sank under the many trials she had to bear, and within a few months, breathed her last with Christian resignation and fortitude. My eldest sister now filled my mother's place, as matron of the workhouse.

My father soon gave up his situation; and my sister found more suitable occupation as companion to a lady, who proved a most valuable friend to all of us. When fifteen years of age, I was placed by my uncle as an articled pupil at another school. I remained here two years, feeling thoroughly wretched, seeing no friends during the whole time. Sometimes Miss W—— said that all I did was right, and at other times all would be wrong; she told me I was a thoroughly bad girl, and would never be good for anything; consequently I thought it was no use trying. I do not recollect ever being shewn that I was sinning against God, by giving way to a bad temper. Miss W—— was constantly reminding me of my father's faults, and reproached me with not being well paid for; this I afterwards found to be false. So cordially did I hate her, that on looking back I can see how vindictive and wicked my conduct was. During the two years I was there, I was constantly devising some plan for running away; but was always frustrated in my endeavours to do so.

Three months before I quitted this school, my sister and I, with a few others, were confirmed. The clergyman was much pleased with me, because I learnt all he required, (for we had a great deal to learn previous to the ceremony;) but I never had any trouble in learning, and I was particularly desirous

in this instance to excel, as I knew it would annoy Miss W—— to see me at the top of the class.

After passing the holidays with my sister, Miss W——, according to promise, provided me with a situation in H——. I was very much disappointed in it, and thought Miss W—— had procured it for me out of revenge. I was determined not to stay; and therefore wrote to my sister, telling her that the people with whom I resided were bad characters. She begged me to remain there till the expiration of the quarter. A few days before this time had elapsed, Mrs. F—— discovered a letter of mine, and shewed it to me; but though it contained such a series of falsehoods respecting her, she kindly offered to let me remain another quarter, to regain my character. I refused the offer, and in less than two hours was on my way to London.

After making up a number of falsehoods, to account for my unexpected appearance, I was invited by the lady with whom my sister resided, to remain with her until I met with something suitable. I soon obtained a situation in a small school. Mrs. F—— was most kindly disposed towards me; and being a religious lady, I feigned to be so too. It was here I committed my first theft, by stealing two pounds, with which I purchased a cloak and bonnet, telling my sister that they had been given me, and so remained unsuspected.

About this time I went to pass my holidays with the governess at whose school I first attended; and here the taste I had acquired for dress and dancing was strengthened. While there, I persuaded the dressmaker to buy me a dress, promising to send her the money. Shortly after returning to my duties, Mrs. F—— gave up the school. I then went to stay with some friends in D—— Street; and while there, received a letter from the milliner concerning her bill, which had been owing some time. Having spent all my money in dress, I knew not what to do; so I took two pounds from Miss S——'s drawer. The cook was suspected, and dismissed, no one thinking of questioning me.

I next entered a family where there were seven children, to instruct them in English, Music, French, and Drawing. I had another pupil added to the number; and this, united with the monotony of the place, caused me to dislike the situation, and I resolved upon leaving. Mrs. D—— was very kind to me, and expressed her satisfaction at the progress of the pupils; notwithstanding, I wrote to my sister, condemning her as a bad character, and remarked that I had for nights been sitting by the bedside of one of the children, whose illness was occasioned by drinking too much beer. Mrs. D—— either opened the letter, or looked through the envelope; for the same day she intimated that it was her wish I should leave

immediately. I was only too glad to do so, and therefore asked no questions. When I saw my sister, she shewed me a letter which Mrs. D—— had written to her. I assured her it was entirely false, and succeeded in dissuading her from paying Mrs. D—— a visit.

Through the kindness of Lady A——, I obtained a situation in France, where I had but one little boy to attend to, who only studied from an hour-and-a-half to two hours a day. Here I formed an intimacy with a young French lady, a Roman Catholic. I often conversed with her spiritual adviser, and soon desired to be also a Roman Catholic; but my mistress, though making no profession of religion, would not have allowed me to remain in her family, had I become one. She was very kind in her manner, and often advised me not to act upon impulse. She bore with a great deal from me.

During my stay here, I formed an attachment for a gentleman living in the same avenue. He had only one opportunity of expressing his sentiments, and shortly afterwards circumstances compelled him to leave France. After I had been in this situation twelve months, I was taken ill; and during this illness my wicked deeds came to light;—the money I had taken out of the nurse's pocket at a hotel in Rennes, on my way to N——; the incorrect account I had kept of the money entrusted to me for

the expenses of my journey; the stealing of a five-franc piece, for which the servant-man was dismissed; and the many things I had taken from Mrs. M——'s drawer;—so that when I got well, I was afraid to appear so, and lingered on long after Mrs. M—— had made the circumstances known to my friends. She however kindly offered to keep me another year; to which I acceded. I felt very unhappy, thinking everyone knew all about me, whereas there was only one servant that did, and she was strictly confidential. The *concierge*, noticing I was not so gay and cheerful as formerly, I told her that I was accused of other people's faults, and laid them all on Julia, the maid. I made her promise not to say anything about it, and of course she considered me to be a persecuted, yet amiable and enduring creature.

Three months after this, I caught a cold whilst coming from the Opera, and was immediately placed under medical treatment; at this time my untruths came to Mrs. M——'s knowledge. During my illness, a nun from one of the convents was my constant nurse. She prevailed on me to repeat the "Hail Mary" many times a day, and extorted from me a promise to enter a convent when I recovered. One morning, while writing a letter to the superior of the convent, my mistress came in, and requested me to let her read it. I did so, and it ended in the nun being sent away, and my not being left alone, till safe on my way to

England. My father forgave all on my arrival; but great was my despair when I found I was to stay at M——H——. I many times tried to escape; but did not succeed, although nine persons had done so during the fifteen months I remained there. After awhile, I held an afternoon school; and this occupation relieved my mind from its unhappy state.

My father and sister now endeavoured to persuade me to open a school; but I stubbornly replied, "No, you have put me here to please yourselves, and now I 'll stay as long as I like to please myself."

However, through the influence of some friends, I gained admission to a training school. Having been taken ill, my father advised me to return home, which I did; but soon after persisted, contrary to the wishes of my friends, in returning to the School. I was treated very kindly by the matron, until she discovered the false letters I had written to put off my creditors—for I had been running in debt for dress. These letters were shown to Mr. B——, who ordered me not to return after the holidays. I dared not let my sister know of my disgrace; so I went to my brother's employer, and through falsehoods obtained on his account the sum of eighteen pounds, with which I paid my debts. I then wrote a letter to the matron, as if from some one interested in me, begging her to intercede for me, that I might return, and to procure me a situation when my time expired, of

which only six months remained. During these holidays, I went into lodgings, and when they had expired, wrote to say I was not well enough to return yet. I hired a piano, and tried to sell it; but was discovered. However, I got off without much trouble.

At this time my father left a situation he had held for some time, on account of ill health. Before I returned to the institution, I went to his employer, and, without any difficulty, drew from him £20; and afterwards £25 from another, so that I had £73 in six months. My friends now anxiously looked forward to the approaching examination, at which I expected to gain a certificate; but afterwards, fearing I should fail in the attempt, I wrote a letter, purporting to come from my uncle, stating that I was too unwell to go through my examination, and that his house was always mine. I received a note from Mr. R——, stating that as my uncle had offered me a home, I had better go at once; which, much to my chagrin, he insisted upon. Thus caught in my own trap, I wrote to a friend at M—— H——, telling her I was unjustly dismissed, and requesting her to get me another situation, which she did. My sister's suspicions being aroused, she went to the training school, and thus found out everything, including the money I had borrowed.

I promised amendment, and was sent to a school

at W——. A confirmation being close at hand, I thought my best safety would lie in being confirmed again. The clergyman did not examine me, but gave me a certificate, saying he was sure I was prepared. My sister frequently wrote to me; but I usually burnt her letters when only half read.

When I had got the school nicely together, I had an attack of bronchitis. I received much kindness from the parties connected with the school, and was removed to the Priory on account of the dampness of my rooms, which were new. When recovered, I took lodgings in the village, and engaged a teacher to attend to the school, telling her she would be paid; and also told the tradespeople that a large sum of money was coming to me, through the death of my father. One night, I contrived to get all my luggage off, and was myself just on the point of starting, when, to my dismay, some creditors made their appearance. The clergyman, on hearing this, sent Mrs. P——'s butler, to take me to the Priory; where I remained until seen safely on my journey the next day. I now made up my mind to destroy myself; but it was not to be, as I was not left alone night or day till I arrived in London. I then wrote to my sister, and to the parties connected with the school, intimating that I was going abroad; for I feared that a search-warrant would be put into execution. However, I took lodgings in Lambeth, and

for awhile supported myself by selling my clothes, and making use of a teacher's collecting card. One morning, I saw in the window of a Roman Catholic depôt, a prospectus of a school conducted by nuns in a convent. I went to the convent, and made enquiries as though I intended to place my little girl at the school. During the interview, I remarked that I was a Protestant; but the subsequent conversation induced me to become a Roman Catholic. I was a frequent visitor at the bishop's house, who thoroughly instructed me in his religion, attempting to prove all his arguments from Scripture.

Having lost my collecting card, I was reduced to great poverty, and conceived the idea of going into a shop to steal a watch, and then pledge it. I entered several shops in the Strand, Cheapside, Regent-street, and Oxford-street, for this purpose: but when an opportunity offered, I trembled, and felt that something kept me from committing this rash act. I knew not what to do, as the woman where I lodged demanded payment of the rent. I tried to get £5 from my brother's employer, but without success. At length, almost unconsciously, I was led to the house of an old friend, the Rev. J. B. C——, who gave me a hearty welcome. On telling him my circumstances, he prevailed on me to return to my lodgings, and tell the woman she should be paid the next morning; and requested me not to go out, as

he intended to send for my sister to come to me. Next morning, I repented of the step I had taken, and resolved to go out; which however was prevented by the early appearance of my sister, who overcame me by her kindness, and begged me to remain quiet, till my brother, who was daily expected from abroad, arrived home. I wanted to be sent to a convent or workhouse, fearing lest I should be sent to M—— H——. At last it was agreed that I should go into the country with my sister. The day before I left, I went to the Roman Catholic bishop, and told him of my intentions; whereupon he extorted from me a vow that I would never enter a Protestant place of worship, and never read their version of the bible, nor use prayers that savoured of their heresies; finally, after numerous threats and promises, he gave me his blessing, at the same time warning me against renouncing Romanism, as then his curses would follow me throughout time and eternity.

About a week before Christmas, my sister went to London to meet some friends and my brother; but a letter arrived on Christmas-eve, bringing news of his death. I cannot describe the anguish I felt on receiving this intelligence, for in him I lost the only friend who could help me. I was reduced now to the last extremity, and at length wrote to my eldest sister, to the effect that I would do anything she wished me, not supposing that she would place me

in an institution. I then began to read some prayers night and morning.

One day I received a letter from my sister, who had sought the advice of Lieut. Blackmore, and it was proposed that I should become an inmate of his "Home." I felt astounded, but after a little reasoning with a friend, I resolved upon going, even though it were a prison. Yet, when I arrived in London, I felt a desire to go away again; but in that I was prevented, by my sister meeting me at the station. She took me at once to my new abode, and there made me promise never to flag in prayer; she said I had always trusted in my own strength, which was true; for no one could be more self-confident than I was. My frequent prayer now was, "O God, make me *feel* I have sinned; I *know* I have sinned; but make me feel it."

The Sunday after I came here, Lieut. Blackmore spoke from the text,—"Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly." I told him my prayers were not answered —for I did not feel myself a sinner. The following day, my eye fell upon a book-marker in an open drawer, with these words on it:—"For me to live is Christ." They haunted my mind all day; in the evening, the Lieutenant urged upon me the necessity of coming, as a humble penitent, to the foot of the cross, and then repeated the above text, "For me to live is Christ." This appeared to me

a singular coincidence. But I would have preferred his telling me how to have kept right for the future. Though I felt there was truth in what he said, I could not quite understand him; so I added to my prayers—"O God, lead me, as a humble penitent, to the foot of the cross, whatever it is." Now my horrible vow came to my remembrance, and I found myself saying the "Hail Mary"; which I took as a sign that I should not renounce Romanism. The next morning, while engaged in prayer, the text,—"For me to live is Christ," and the "Hail Mary," so haunted my mind, that I resolved upon ceasing to pray altogether. In the evening, Lieut. Blackmore prayed that the "Home" might be a blessing to all who enter it, and that all might become new creatures in Christ Jesus. Though I inwardly felt opposed to his remarks, I made a new resolve, and asked God to shew me my way. When I had retired to rest, I thought of my past sins; and they seemed so hideous, that I felt I could not pray; but resolved upon leading a good moral life, and never again to yield to temptation; yet though I must give up all idea of ever entering heaven. I felt so very miserable, that I rushed out of bed and tried to pray, but could not forget the "Hail Mary." Then I thought that I ought not to go direct to Jesus; but be thankful if he would hear the Virgin's prayers on my behalf.

On the Thursday morning I went on my knees, and repeated the name of Jesus ten times (a Roman Catholic custom); notwithstanding, I was still perplexed with the text, and all that the Lieutenant had said to me. After tea, I went to my room in much anguish, and while there, wondered within myself how I, with such a legion of sins, could dare attempt to pray; still I did pray. My mind continued in this state on Friday and Saturday, and in the afternoon of the latter I expressed my feelings to K——, one of the inmates. I succeeded in resisting the desire to pray that night and the following morning, at which I felt somewhat glad.

On Sunday afternoon, whilst K—— conversed with me on the great future, she tried to convince me that there was not a purgatory, and that I was not beyond mercy; but of this I did not consider her capable of forming an opinion, as she was not aware of all the sins I had committed. I did not pray that evening, and passed a terrible night; sins came to my recollection that I had long since forgotten. At last I did go to sleep; but on awaking, fancied that I had heard the bishop asking me to be confirmed. I enquired of Lieut. Blackmore whether I should do so or not, and thus had the opportunity of opening my mind to him, which tended to relieve me. For several successive nights and days, I seemed to be, as it were, on the very verge of hell, and that a few

hours would bring me there. I made greater efforts to pray; yet nothing but curses would wring in my ears. I was lost in despair, till Mrs. —— prayed with me; then my mind grew calmer.

This is a mere outline of some of the doings and experience of one of the blackest sinners on the face of the earth. Is it not enough to terrify me, and make me feel I can never become an object of God's mercy, or be one of His family? When I look at my sins, I am wretched indeed.

The following extract from a letter she wrote me, will show the deep exercise of soul and self-loathing she experienced, before she obtained "peace in believing":—

"*December*, 1856.

"Dear Sir,—It is impossible for me to tell you the state of mind I am now in. I cannot conceive the torments of hell to be worse: God seems to be laughing at my calamity, and mocking at my fear. For two months prior to my coming here, my sister had been entreating me to pray; but I had made a vow that I never would, nor read our version of the Bible. It was only for the sake of the walk that I ever went to church. I tell you, now that I *would* pray, I can't. God has given me up; were I to die

to-day, I am eternally lost. I go to my room many times, and I try to pray; but when I bend the knee, the prayer, a copy of which I enclose, rushes into my mind: something says, You must not go to Jesus direct. What shall I do? Shall I use it? In the middle of the night I get out of bed, thinking then to pray; but I cannot. Oh! I cannot tell you how frightfully my sins haunt me. When I endeavour to engage myself in various occupations, my mind is wretched, and I feel that if I were not such a coward, I should at once put an end to myself. If I could only pray, I should be happier; but even the attempt is vain. Do tell me—should I use this prayer? I was mad at one time to become a Roman Catholic; now I am nothing but a lost, miserable, self-condemned wretch. If my sins are, as I know them to be, hideous in the sight of man; what must they be in the sight of God?

"I remain, with gratitude,

"Yours respectfully,

"M."

[PRAYER.]

"Hail, Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me, a sinner, now and at the hour of my death."

A short time prior to her leaving the "Home" for Australia, she wrote me a long letter, of which the following is an extract :—

"*September*, 1857.

"My dear and much valued Friend,

"I feel altogether unable to express to you as I would, my heartfelt gratitude for the benefits of the 'Home,' which He, at whose disposal are the hearts of all His children, has permitted me to receive at your willing hands during the past eight months.

"I earnestly hope that my future career in this world of trial and sorrow may be marked by faithfulness to that God who has graciously blessed my immortal soul.

"Oh, Sir, how mercifully the Lord has dealt with me! When I was, as it were, walking hand-in-hand with the great enemy of souls, He rescued me from his iron chains, opened my eyes, and set me free from the prison-house of ignorance and unbelief.

"The 'Home' will ever be very precious to me; for here God commended His truth to my heart and conscience. It was here that by many unwearied evidences of Christian love, in the way of reproof, warning, or encouragement, that God was pleased

to soften my hard heart, and overwhelm it with a sense of His divine love. I used to wonder why you should ever pray for such an one as I; often in the night, when awake, did I ponder over the kindness of yourself and my valuable friend, Mr. M——; it used quite to puzzle me. But now the Lord has made me to understand all, and to give to Him the praise for filling your hearts with love to poor sinners. Indeed, I do look back with gratitude, for all that has been done for my soul—but forward with fear and trembling. My faith is as yet very weak. Dear Mr. Blackmore, remember me much in prayer. I want to keep very near to Jesus; for then only shall I be safe. He knows all my weaknesses, and will give me the grace and strength needful. May I be fully confident in Him, as my Guardian and my Guide; that I may be armed against all enemies and temptations; that being watchful in prayer, I may be prepared for toil and difficulty—improve every opportunity which occurs on my pilgrimage—contemplate every trial, as sent with the most gracious design—view every affliction and bereavement, as a breaking of the ties which bind me too closely to earth, and intended to raise me higher in hope, in aim, and affection, even 'to things which are unseen and eternal.'

"There will be some special days and hours when my heart will almost burn with thoughts of the

'Home' and its gospel privileges. How I shall often wish for the hearty welcome and kind looks of the friends I have left behind! You have but little idea of my strong attachment to the Christian friends at the 'Temporary Home.'

"I do hope you will write me a long letter when I am in Australia, telling me all about the 'Home' and its inmates; for although I shall be so far away, I shall remember you all in my petitions before the throne of grace; and I shall long to know how many of them have a 'good hope through grace.' Do not put me off with a half-sheet of paper. Your time is much occupied, I know; but I am quite sure you will not think these are mere selfish requests.

"If you do not receive a letter from me when I reach the 'line,' do not think I had not one ready, or that the 'Home' is already out of my mind. Such a thing might occur, as no opportunity for sending my letter. I shall put down everything that will in the smallest or greatest degree interest you.

"Every Monday and Wednesday evening, from half-past six to eight, or after, I shall read the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' (D. V.,) as you are now doing; and then I shall especially pray for the 'Home.' God will hear a feeble prayer such as mine, and if He sees good, answer it. Why, if only one such rebel as I were reclaimed, you would have abundant cause to bless the Lord for the

heavenly work to which He has called you; for His promises to those who win souls are very precious; but when you see one and another brought up out of the 'horrible pit and miry clay,' and their feet set upon the Rock, and a new song put into their mouth, how your bosom must burn again with holy zeal, to go on in prayer in the blessed work to which you and others are devoting your energies. What a glorious occupation, to go out into the highways, as our Master bids his followers!

"In the hope that God, with whom all things are possible, will cause you to understand the gratitude I would fain express, and in the humble and blessed anticipation of meeting you with many others among the redeemed, before the throne of the Lamb, who has purchased us by His precious blood, I bid you a farewell, (for ever I feel in this world,) and subscribe myself the most unworthy, but, nevertheless, full and free recipient of your Christian, brotherly love and benevolence."

"M."

"Good-bye; thank you for all your great kindness. Good bye; God bless you and yours, and keep you all very near to Himself. My heart is full. I can say no more."

According to promise, she kept a "log" of the most interesting events of the voyage; but being of little interest to the general reader, it is omitted. I may, however, mention, that many were the trials and temptations she had to endure; but out of them all the Lord mercifully delivered her; and gave her grace to bear testimony for Him before her fellow passengers. The following is a letter written by her some time after she landed :—

"Australia, *August 4th*, 1858.

"Dear Lieutenant,—The July mail has not yet arrived; it is feared something has befallen it. I have been anxiously anticipating its arrival, hoping to receive some 'Home' letters. Oh! if you could but understand something of the heavy disappointment I have had to endure on the announcement of each mail. I know your large heart would sympathize with me, and make an effort to send me a few lines, just to let me know you had not forgotten me in this distant land. Yes, Lieutenant, it is a great trial to an impotent spirit; but I feel now that it is the Lord who is directing His children, and that it is for my good He thus tries me. By this means I am led to the throne of grace, to implore that Divine aid, which can alone enable me to submit with humble patience, and takes me from the creature to

the Creator—to see that He is one to whom neither time or distance causes any variableness; He can, in each of these small trials, cause me to be thankful to Him.

"I never forget to intercede in prayer for all those who may be willingly led to the 'Home,' that the privileges may not be lost upon them; but that many may become humble followers of the Lord; neither do I forget in my prayers any of those who are engaged in the holy calling of bringing in from the highways the wandering sheep.

"I know, I feel sure I am not forgotten by you, in your communion with God; I am a very young and weak disciple, and much need your prayers.

"I think I told you I had succeeded in obtaining leave to read to the people at the hut. I have since read once to them; I sought the Spirit's guidance to give me words, that I might speak to them on the fifty-first of Isaiah. A few in the assembly were Roman Catholics.

"Will you remember me most gratefully to all my old friends at the 'Home,' and to any of the inmates who know me? And will you tell all those I don't know, that it is my fervent prayer that both they and I may each day be growing in grace, strong in the strength of the Lord? Oh, tell those who seem indifferent to things which can alone make for their everlasting peace, that if they turn a deaf ear

to the call of love and mercy now, God will not hear their cry at a moment when they *would* turn to Him, when it is perhaps too late. I firmly believe, that had I not laid hold of Jesus at the moment when He seemed to be entreating me for the last time to choose whom I would serve in this world, I should have been given over to Satan's power. Never, never can I praise God, by deeds, words, or thoughts, as I should do for His unbounded mercy, His fatherly kindness, and unlimited love and watchfulness, in bringing me to a house of prayer. When you write, tell me how many you hope have determined to follow the Lord.

"I suppose you are now enjoying the lovely summer; it is winter with us, but charmingly mild. The country looks prettier than in summer; the rain has given an air of freshness to nature. In the summer, the heat scorches up all the verdure, and nature seems thirsting for rain. We have had a great deal of rain during the last three weeks; but yet have not been flooded out of house and home, which is not an unusual thing in this part of the colony. More rain is still required for the good of the country; for in the summer we have a long dry season.

"I shall hope on, and hope ever, to hear from you; for I much wish to know about you; pray do write. How is E—— S——? She was ill when I left.

"I have, as I always tell you, much to say, but till I hear from you, feel it awkward to write. I have written every month since last December, so you must own it is rather natural I should wish some answers, unworthy though I be of such favours.

"Do you continue your Monday and Wednesday evening readings? If so, what are you reading about? What would I not give to take a peep at you all occasionally. I should indeed have much to tell you that would be interesting, and also much that would grieve you. I could tell you all about myself; no one can lead a sinless life, and you know that I am very faulty; but it is by my faults, or the knowledge of them, that I am kept low at the feet of Jesus, who will not cast me out while I put on Him the burden of my sins.

"As I fear to tire you, I shall draw my letter to a close. I think I hear you say, 'What a scribble!' Well, I quite agree with you; but when the telegraph is laid down between Australia and Gloucester House, I shall be able to send my thoughts to you in a more expeditious manner; which will suit me far better, for my hands are quite full, only I cannot let a mail pass without writing to let you know how I am getting on.

"Believe me to remain,

"Yours very gratefully,

"M."

"*December* 17*th*, 1859.

"My dear and valued Friend,—Many, many thanks for your last kind letter, dated September, 1859.

"I have had very delicate health during the past twelve months; but am thankful to say, that under God's blessing, I am gaining my usual strength, and hope shortly to be equal to my occupation. I have now been six months at the sea-side, and am wonderfully benefitted by it. Owing to the severe attack I have lately had on my chest, I have been obliged, as a duty, to withhold from meetings of any kind. The Lord being my guide, He will shew me when and where to resume.

"Previous to my illness, I was feeling a deep interest in my congregation. It was a singular sight, to see the rough, hard-working labourers, young shepherds and their wives and children—old shepherds too—gathered in a thatched wooden hut, to hear what God the Lord hath spoken. Most of them were travellers up and down the country; so that many of them I never saw again; but some I met two or three times. In several I saw the work of the Lord begun, and prayed for its continuance. The largest assembly consisted of thirty-seven grown-up people, and fourteen children; this was at shearing time. I opened the meetings with prayer, after which I read a chapter from the Bible; and as God gave me

light, I endeavoured, in simple reliance on the influence of the Holy Spirit, to impart such to my hearers. I never witnessed any but good order and attention, never having to request silence, and always meeting with the greatest respect. I felt indeed great need to pray against pride. I found it best to mingle as much as possible amongst the people, for an hour or so beforehand, that we might know something of each other—giving them tracts, &c. I would never allow these meetings to interfere with my duties as governess; but I met with much opposition at first from my employers; which was soon overcome. This was a signal answer to prayer, for I besought the Lord, by special prayer, to break down all obstacles, if it was a work He approved of.

"Oh, the blessing of prayer! dear Lieutenant. Not until we are brought to the firm conviction, that of ourselves we can do nothing, do we really know what we are. Now mind that you never—never forget me at the throne of grace. I am making it a subject of special prayer, that if the Lord sees fit, I should return to England. He will point out the way. Will you remember this for me as well? If I am not to come, may He give me patience and submission to His dispensation.

"The more I know of the Lord, the more do I see His goodness in bringing me amongst you. My heart gets full in writing to the 'old folks at home.'

"Owing to unavoidable circumstances, I was prevented, the last two mails, from writing to my sisters; so that I must close this letter sooner than I otherwise should, that I may be able to write to them; and it is not good for me at present to write much.

"Remember me gratefully to all kind friends, and believe me, in grateful and affectionate remembrance,

"Your sister in the Lord Jesus,

"M."

CHAPTER IX.

Textile Women and Factory Girls.

"If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for He that is higher than the highest regardeth. The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much: but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep. There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt."—Eccles. v. 8, 12, 13.

One of the most prolific sources of this evil is the long hours and ill-paid labour of needle-women. Very frequently, during my midnight cruises, when pleading with these young women, has this been assigned as a reason for resorting to this miserable course of life; and many a sad tale have I heard of the hardships endured by them. "What are we to do?" they have often said to me. "We have worked from four o'clock in the morning till midnight, to earn an honourable livelihood: but all we have got has been four or five shillings a week; and you know we cannot live on that. We hate this life; and we hate ourselves, when we get alone; but there is no help for us—we must go on in it, or starve." And I may add, when both these sources fail, (as they very frequently do,) they have then recourse to self-destruction, to put an end to their troubles. Only a short time ago, a poor needle-woman was brought up at one of our police-courts, charged with attempting to commit suicide. She had been in the habit of

working from three o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, and all she earned was three shillings and sixpence a week. Is it to be wondered at, that she found the misery of her life more than she could bear, and attempted suicide?

Would that the ladies and gentlemen of England thought of these poor needle-women sometimes, when they enter those grand emporiums, with their gilded cornices, and plate glass, and mirrors, and polished mahogany counters! Who pays for all this? It is from the sweat and blood and sinew of these unhappy women the profits come, which pay for that dazzling but paltry show.

Would that Christian men and women, who can find time to sit and listen to long and eloquent speeches on the diffusion of the gospel in foreign parts, and the emancipation of American slaves, would also find time to visit the abodes of these poor creatures. They are not far off. In the immediate vicinity of these gilded shops there are narrow streets and dirty courts. Let us look in here. Go up those creaking stairs, and enter that miserable garret. You can scarcely bear the polluted atmosphere; but there she is, morning, noon, and night, stitching away as though to save her life. The sunshine of summer, and the fresh air, exist not for her; she knows not the rest of the sabbath, nor a kindly encouraging word, nor sympathy of friends. And

as we look upon those haggard features, already stamped with the impress of death, we remember those doleful lines of Hood's we have read long ago, and feel how near we have come to the misery he depicts :—

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

"Oh, men, with sisters dear!
Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

Oh then pity her, and help her, lest her poverty drive her to the streets, and she ends her days in still greater misery and shame.

Then there are the dress-makers' and milliners' apprentices. As compared with their urgent claims, how little commiseration have they met with, and how little has been *done* to place them, as far as might be, from the "necessity," as they say, of yielding to temptation. In London alone, upwards of fifteen thousand of these young women ply their needles from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, without a moment's intermission, save the twenty or thirty minutes allowed them for eating their meals.

The following is from the pen of a lady who has for many years taken a deep interest in the welfare of these young women :—

"The dress-makers are for the most part young, and many have not done growing. It is near midnight of the second night of working, when they should have been sleeping, they are compelled to work the whole of this night and next day; making three days and two nights of incessant sewing—an occupation which cannot be safely pursued for more than a few hours at a time. During the height of the "London season," or on urgent occasions, such as a ball or drawing-room, when almost superhuman endurance and exertions are expected from them, and when it is for the interest of their employers to

'keep them up to the mark,' these girls are 'fed high': roast beef, porter, and port wine are supplied —the rooms are to kept light and hot, and every stimulus is applied. Three at once drop off their chairs fainting; they are plied with strong green tea, and they resume their work. As often as they are sinking, more green tea is given them—their eyes are dim, their skin burns, their hands tremble, their voices are hysterical; but the ball dresses are finished. *That was the object to be attained.*

"What a melancholy state of things! And yet, what I have described is of every-day occurrence in the height of the "London season." What constitution could wishstand the effects of such attacks upon it? Not the most robust frame that ever female possessed. The constitutions of but very few, even of the stronger sex, could pass through such an ordeal uninjured.

"Not less certain, though not so sudden, is the injury done to the health of dress-makers' apprentices, by their *ordinary* labours, coupled with confinement and the treatment to which they are subjected. Their pale countenances, haggard looks, and general lifeless appearance, attest but too conclusively the existence of a something within which is impairing their health, rendering them sickly and feeble for life, and will consign them to a premature grave. It is a well-ascertained fact, that a greater number

of dress-makers fall into consumption, and die of that fatal disease, than of any other class of persons in the community.

"I have known young females come up from the country, to serve two years' apprenticeship with a London dress-maker, in the view of returning to their native place, and then commencing business for themselves. They have come to London with a bloom on their cheeks, a flow of animal spirits in their conversation, and a general appearance of life about them, which it was a luxury to behold; but before four months had elapsed, they have become so pale, emaciated, dispirited, and altered in their appearance, that their own relations could hardly have recognized them."

Scarcely a week passes, but I meet with one or more of this unhappy class, who invariably attribute their fall to the inhuman treatment of their employers. And is it a matter of surprise, that young girls, fond of liberty, and dress, and pleasure, should prefer to walk the streets in silks and satins—or, in their own words, to have "a short life and a merry one"—rather than slave and drudge, to fill the purses of their oppressors, and end their days in a workhouse?

While this sheet is passing through the press, I have received the following letter from a friend who

is much interested in the work in which I am engaged :—

May, 1860.

My dear Lieutenant, — After leaving you on Saturday evening, returning homeward near the Great Western Terminus, I was accosted by a young woman to whom you had spoken a few weeks ago. I am most anxious she should have an interview with you at the 'Home,' as I believe she has a very erroneous impression of the manner in which the young women under your care are treated.

I know you like to enter in your "log book" everything which is likely to be helpful to you in the blessed mission to which you have devoted yourself so many years; and I will therefore relate to you, as nearly as I can remember, the conversation which passed between us :—

"Are you often out so late as this?" I enquired. [It was about eleven o'clock.]

"Oh, yes; very often," she replied.

"And are you happy?"

She seemed somewhat startled at this question. We were now passing beneath the glare of the lamps in front of the Great Western Hotel; and taking advantage of this circumstance, she looked me full in the face, as though to ascertain whether I was

jesting, or in earnest. She then hung down her head, and said in an under-tone, "No, I am not happy; there 's nothing *at home* to make me happy, or I 'd not come out here."

"But have you no other means of obtaining a livelihood?"

"Yes, I am a dress-maker; but it 's *hard* work."

"Did you ever hear of Lieutenant Blackmore?"

"Oh, yes; he gave me a card in Chapel-street, one night, and invited me to go and see him."

"And did you go?"

"No; for I believe it was a sham. What he said to me was too good to be true."

"Well now, will you go and see him on Monday morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock? He has been a friend to girls like you for many years, and will be glad to see you."

"Where do you say it is?"

"218, Marylebone-road."

"Does he live there?"

"No; it is one of the 'Homes' he has opened for poor friendless girls."

"*Home*, indeed; I 'll never go there; I have heard enough of such places."

"Do not decide too hastily; but promise me that you will go and see him, and judge for yourself, and if you accept his invitation, you will find it as I have stated—a *real* 'Home.'"

"Well, I think I'll just go and see; not on Monday, but on Tuesday."

"Thank you; good night." I shook hands with her, and we parted at the corner of Chapel-street, where you gave her your card.

I shall take it as a great kindness, if you will let me know whether she comes to you; for I feel much interested in the girl.

I am yours faithfully in Christ Jesus,

———.

This young woman called upon me at the "Home," and has been received. God grant that the "word of life" may find an abiding place in her heart.

Again. Not only in the metropolis does this evil exist; but from our manufacturing towns multitudes of factory girls—some of them mere children—flock to London, in the vain hope of finding some relief from their cruel oppression. It has been discovered, in many instances, that they are encouraged to take this step by the false representations of the agents of London "procurers"; who, on being apprized of the success of their confederates in the provinces, repair to railway termini here, and experience little difficulty in entrapping their victims.

The excessively long hours and low wages of these poor girls, has long being a crying evil, and is a disgrace to our country. And yet, strange to say, it has lately been said by one who professes to take an interest in their welfare, and from whom one had a right to expect a better speech, that, "as long as the number of unmarried women, dependant on their needle for support, exceeds the demand for their labour, no plans to employ them at better wages, no blame heaped upon their employers, no poetry like the 'Song of the Shirt,' though it may make us weep, can raise their condition. Employers will hire them at the market price; and, rather than starve, they will work for almost nothing." That may be, poor creatures! for it is hard to starve. But have men no consciences? Shall they not be told of their sins? Is there no power with God to convince men of their unrighteousness and cruel oppression? Would that we had more of the godliness and moral courage of the Apostle James, and spoke to men as faithfully as he did, or rather the Spirit of God in him. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire

of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth." (James v. 1—4.)

It is cheering at times to meet with a man who is not afraid to speak out, even in high places, on behalf of those who cannot speak for themselves; as on a recent occasion in the House of Commons.

Referring to Mr. Tremenheere's report of the condition of factory girls, a member spoke thus:—

"There are some sentences in the book now in my hand which make my blood creep, and when the hon. member gets up and tells me that the Manchester manufacturers are likely to suffer, I say, let them suffer. I, at least, will not be a party to the perpetuation of such atrocities as I find recorded, and I do hope that the gentlemen of England will not be parties to them either. Says the hon. member, 'The bleachers are servants to the public; the demand for work comes upon them at uncertain times, and there is no analogy between the case of factories and of bleaching and dyeing works.' Now, I don't care a straw whether or not there is any analogy in this respect, but I am sure there is an analogy in the suffering. They inflict misery upon the people they employ. That is the question.

"I will quote a few passages from Mr. Tremenheere's report. Here is the statement of Anna Simpson, 14 years old, Elisabeth Hilton, 15, and Sarah Higson, 16:—

"'We came to work last Friday morning at half-past six. We worked all Friday night till half-past five on Saturday morning (23 hours). We did not sleep any time in the night, except on Saturday morning, at half-past five, we laid down to sleep on the hooking-box, and slept till a little after seven (less than two hours' sleep, and with the clothes still on, after 23 hours' work); then we went to breakfast for half an hour, and then came and worked till ten minutes past eleven.'

"We complain bitterly of the hours of this House, and if we come at four, with liberty to go away and dine at seven, and then don't get home till two in the morning, we say, 'What a terrible night's work we have had!' Well, then, think of the poor child between 13 and 14, or between 10 and 11, not able to go away and get a good dinner, not sitting while at work upon these soft cushions, but standing upon her poor, tired, little legs for hours and hours together. Think of her, and compare her work with ours! We complain of the labours which we undergo; but, as compared with our life, hers is the life of the damned.

"Now, I ask you, the gentlemen of England, if you will bear this. I hear great talk of humanity—lip humanity!—about the American slave. No man can view with more indignation than I do the horrible

condition of the black in America; but I cannot help regarding with at least equal indignation the condition of the white slave in England. I recollect hearing a story, which to me appeared a touching one, and fraught with a pregnant lesson. Mr. Oastler was walking with the late Sir Robert Peel up his splendid picture gallery. Mr. Oastler, as we know, strongly advocated the shortening of the hours of labour in factories. Sir Robert Peel, on the other hand, as we also know, was a great political economist, and was arguing with his companion upon the impolicy of State interference. In passing along the gallery they came to a beautiful picture, I think by Landseer, which most of us probably have seen—a portrait of one of the daughters of Sir Robert Peel; and Mr. Oastler, stopping suddenly, said, 'My God, Sir Robert! And *she* might have been a factory girl!'

"Yes, any one of our daughters might have been a factory girl; and is there a man present, with any feeling for his child, who could think of her working almost without cessation for 37 hours? Think of her tender years, think of her delicate little hands! I have it in this book that children's hands are often blistered, and the skin torn off their feet, and yet they are thus obliged to work, the persons who overlook them being sometimes forced to keep them awake by beating on the table with large boards. For God's sake, then, I say, don't let us listen to the hon. gentle-

man! I don't want to weary the House, but I appeal to you as men, I appeal to you as fathers, I appeal to you as brothers, and I ask you for God's sake not to be participants in this horrible cruelty. The hon. member says he is sure you will not go into committee on this bill. I, on the contrary, feel certain that if I know anything of my countrymen, we *shall* go into committee; that the measure will be carried by a triumphant majority, and that we shall not lay our heads upon our pillows to-night, saying, 'We have deserted those whom God has placed under our charge —the weak, the helpless, the distressed—we think only of ourselves, of the wealthy and of the great.'

"The weak and the miserable appeal to you now for compassion and for aid, and I, their humble advocate, also appeal to you in perfect confidence that you will listen to their prayer, and will pass this measure for their relief."

CHAPTER X.

A West-End Cruise.

"What a scene is any large city by gas-light! What a scene is London! After the ordinary world has gone to bed, a new world (never seen by day) exhibits itself. This is London ashamed of daylight — London disguised for a *bal masqué* — London skulking round the corner. What a field for the philanthropist! and yet how unoccupied!"

"Am I my sister's keeper? dost thou say,
With forty thousand wretched ones around:
And in thy country's proud and boasting day,
For scarce a tithe a fitting refuge found?

"Am I my sister's keeper? Yes, thou art:
And canst thou doubt it, with such scenes in view?
If thou hast God's love burning in thy heart,
Thou wilt not *ask* the question, but will *do*."

J. P.

Before proceeding on a cruise, I have felt it good to seek the Lord's guidance and protection. It is a delicate and difficult work, and should only be prosecuted in His strength. Sometimes, I confess I have failed to do this as earnestly as I should, and consequently have made some awkward mistakes. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding," is a word which those engaged in this work have need constantly to remember. I have invariably found, that in proportion as I have felt my own insufficiency, so the Lord has made His strength perfect in my weakness, and prospered the work. The following is a brief account of a West-end cruise :—

Passing down the Edgware-road, I met a well-dressed young woman, who, from her manner as she passed me, seemed to need a word of counsel. I turned back, and made an observation on the weather;

to which she very flippantly responded. I then asked her where she was going.

She said, "I am out for a lark. I wish you would treat me to a pear; they are very dear in Edgware-road."

"I will be *a friend* to you," I replied, "if you will listen to me."

"Oh, you are very kind; perhaps I may accept your offer, if you will keep me like a lady."

I then presented her with my card.

"Oh," she said, "you are the gentleman who spoke to our cook, and gave her some tracts, one evening. I am living with the same family. She 's got a good opinion of you, and says you gave her good advice."

"Well, let me also give *you* a little advice." I endeavoured to show her the peril she had exposed herself to; and warned her to be more circumspect in future. On parting, she shook hands and thanked me; at the same time giving me her address in one of the large squares in the neighbourhood.

At the bottom of Edgware-road, near the Marble Arch, I overtook a poor aged woman, with a large basket of linen. Seeing it was more than she could well carry, I offered my assistance, which she gladly

accepted. As we walked along, she on one side of the basket and I on the other, I had an excellent opportunity of speaking to her of the love of Him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She listened with much attention, and seemed very grateful for this little help by the way.

[I thought, Oh, if the rich would but leave their drawing-rooms sometimes, and see how many of these poor women slave from morn till night for a miserable pittance, they would have more sympathy for them.]

In Oxford-street I spoke to several who were very well attired, and not of the ordinary class. These are rarely to be found in the streets after ten or eleven o'clock, except when returning from the theatres and casinos, with which the West-end abounds. My tracts and notes of invitation were generally well received by the young women. But an old gentleman in company with one of them, to whom I gave a tract, (printed specially for the male sex,) came hobbling after me, crying out, "Ahoy, ahoy, Sir! I'll have you locked up. This is the

second time you have given me these papers. What do you mean?"

"I mean it as a word of friendly warning. Read it a second time; and count me not your enemy because I have told you the truth."

In Regent-street I met a well-dressed young woman, with whom I entered into conversation. I found that she was a dancer at one of the West-end theatres, and that, to use her own expression, she was "well cared for." I asked her to call on me at the "Home," and presented her with my card. She looked at it, and said, "Oh, I have seen and spoken with you before; and I know what this card means. Now, I will tell you what I hear about these Reformatories. They say, if a girl applies, she has to go before a committee, and if she is thought a fit object of pity, she is locked in, and never allowed to see any one, or go out for a walk. This keeps many a girl from entering such places."

I then explained to her how the "Home" and the "Dormitory" are conducted.

"Yes, but if I come, may I wear my own clothes, and not an uniform? and will they cut off my hair? [These young women have the greatest horror of this.]

"There is no harsh treatment whatever," I said. "Both houses are conducted in the spirit of a family home. You will understand me when I say, 'We stoop to conquer.'"

"Oh!" she said, with a laugh, "then you do hope to conquer me."

"We hope to do you good, if you will but give us a fair opportunity."

"How long should I have to remain there?"

"Only till you are able to undertake a situation, and a suitable one offers."

She gave me her address, and said she hoped some day to accept my invitation.

[This is one of the many cases I have met with, showing how great a hindrance to the work of reclamation is the harsh treatment exercised at many of the so-called penitentiaries. I am persuaded, that very much of the disappointment experienced by friends who seek to benefit these young women, and who are constantly writing to me on the subject, arises from this mistake. Nor is it to be wondered at, that when situations have been provided for them, and they have got free from the restraint and rigid discipline of these institutions, they have returned to their old paths of sin? Treat them with kindness; consider their weaknesses; bear with them patiently; discourage a "vain show in the

flesh," and everything approaching to hypocrisy; let everything come to the surface; and though I do not assert there will be *no* disappointments; yet I can confidently say, your success by this mode of treatment will far exceed your most sanguine expectations. It is not harsh treatment, but the "*grace of God*," that "teaches us to deny ungodliness and wordly lusts," and to "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Titus ii. 11, 12.]

In Pall Mall, I met a young lady, whose friends I knew to be in affluent circumstances, her father being a rich merchant. She had been led astray when very young, and all her friends had turned their backs upon her. Many times had I spoken to her; but on this occasion my heart seemed to linger; and after conversing a long time, I entreated her earnestly to forsake her evil ways, and accept my invitation to the "Temporary Home."

She replied, "I can't bear to see you; it makes me miserable. I will drown myself."

"I don't think you will do that," I said. "You are a child of many prayers; and I trust that God will ere long arrest you in your present course."

"There now," she replied, "I must go home; for I have never any luck after I have seen you."

"I cannot help it," I said, "I *must* tell you the truth. 'The wounds of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy.'"

We then parted. I am thankful to say she shortly afterwards entered the "Home"; and I trust the Lord will incline her heart to remain there, until some employment suited to her abilities can be provided. Many friends are praying for her; and we are not without hope that her soul will be given to us in true repentance and conversion.

[I may mention here, that it is an important feature in this missionary work, to endeavour by every means in our power, to restore young persons of this unhappy class to their parents or friends. In many instances, these reunions of parents and children have been most affecting, and both have wept for very joy. But in other cases, the attempt at reconciliation has been most painful. Too often, parents, smarting under a sense of disgrace to their family, and thinking of the dishonour to their name and their wounded pride, rather than the welfare of their child, have refused to listen to the language of repentance, or anything I could say by way of mediation; and we have both returned to the "Home" with aching hearts.]

In the Haymarket, I met two gentlemen in company with two girls, who, on receiving my tracts, rather sneeringly said, "What is the use of this? Do you think you are likely to do any good by distributing these papers here at such an hour?"

I replied, "Of myself I can do nothing; but God can make the message effectual. My duty is, by day and by night, to warn sinners of both sexes, and leave the *results* to God. You each know quite well, that such a life as this will, sooner or later, ruin both body and soul."

"What you say is true," they replied.

"Well now, since you have doubted the utility of what I am doing to-night, let me tell you, that about three years ago I met a young man and woman just in this place. I warned them of the 'wrath to come,' and gave them each a tract. We parted; and I heard nothing more of them till within the last few weeks; when I received a letter from the young man, telling me that he could bless God we met that night; for now he was 'a new creature' in Christ Jesus. If this were the *only* case, surely *one* soul saved is a sufficient recompense for the labour of a lifetime."

The police then came up, and warned us to "move on"; and we all shook hands, and parted.

Again in the Haymarket, I was accosted by a young person, exceedingly lady-like in her manners. On pleading with her as to her wretched mode of life, she acknowledged, (as most of this unhappy class do, when kindly appealed to,) that she was truly wretched.

"I do not want money," she said, pulling out a purse, and showing it to me. "I can go to any of the theatres or casinos; but it all ends in misery."

"I am glad to hear you say so," I replied; "for that is the first step to the enjoyment of better and lasting pleasures. Have you not read the Bible about the prodigal ——?"

"Pray, Sir, do not say any more. I think my heart will break. You do not know what is passing in my breast at this moment, nor how I loathe this life."

"Well then, do come and see me," I said; "I will do all in my power to serve you." I gave her my card; but she would not promise to come. I succeeded, however, in obtaining her address.

[The following day I called upon her, when I learnt that her brother was a clergyman. On again pleading with her to abandon this course of life, she was moved to tears. In a few days I called again; but was informed that she had left, in order to return to her friends.

Subsequently, I ascertained that she had returned to town, when I again visited her; and she at length accepted my invitation to the "Temporary Home." While she was there, I received the following letter from her brother :—

"DEAR SIR,—I took the liberty of calling at your house yesterday, to thank you in person for your great kindness to my sister. Pray accept our grateful and heartfelt thanks for the helping hand you have given us, in the protection afforded to my poor erring sister. We cannot but regard it as the merciful interposition of Providence, in the time of our affliction.

"God grant that your Christian efforts may be blessed with great and good results.

"I saw Annie a few days ago at your 'Home,' and she expressed a deep feeling of gratitude for the sympathy she had there received, and said she was resolved to do all in her power to prove herself sensible of your kindness, and endeavour, with God's help, to abandon for ever her evil course, should you be able to procure her some employment.

"I may mention, with respect to her abilities for teaching, that she has been highly commended; and she has also an aptitude for domestic matters.

"I will only add, should it ever be in our power to aid your benevolent work, by contributing to the

funds of the 'Home,' which has given shelter to my dear sister, we shall think it our privilege and duty to do so.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours most sincerely and gratefully,"

——.]

A little further on in the Haymarket, a middle-aged woman touched me on the shoulder, and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir; are you not Lieutenant Blackmore?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember visiting in St. Giles's a poor woman who was dying; and she asked you to take care of her daughter, who was young and ignorant of the world?"

"Yes, I do remember it; I believe her mother died trusting in Jesus for salvation. But I have lost sight of the girl. What has become of her?"

"She has now a babe, Sir, and is very ill. Do come and see her."

She then led the way, and I followed her through several back streets, till we came to the Seven Dials; when she entered a house, and conducted me up two pairs of stairs; and there, in a back room, sat this poor girl, pale and emaciated, anxiously awaiting the

return of her companion in sorrow. She was leaning over the grate, in which were only a few cinders, endeavouring to warm some food for her infant.

She instantly recognised me, and burst into tears. "Oh, Sir, is it you? I remember you well, and the dying request of my poor mother. Oh, what shame! what shame!"

I spoke to her of the love of Jesus, and of the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, prayed with her, gave her a small donation out of the Mission Fund, and left—thanking God that he had made me so timely a messenger to this case of misery and want.

[This young woman was not received into either of the Homes; but is cared for by a kind Christian lady.]

Returning home along Tottenham-court-road and New-road, I spoke with many of the lowest grade of these unhappy females, several of whom were in the most destitute condition. With one or two exceptions, my tracts and notes were well received, and some expressed astonishment that any one cared for them. At the corner of Edgware-road stood two young persons I had often spoken with. On asking

them how they were, one of them, with ill-affected gaity, replied, "Oh, we are all right, Lieutenant."

"Well, you may need a friend some day," I said. "Shall I give you my card?"

"Oh, no," said the same girl; "I know where it is. Perhaps I may come and see you some day."

"If you do come, you will receive a hearty welcome."

"You are very kind," said the other girl, who up to this time had not spoken a word, nor even looked at me. She now turned round, and held out her hand, evidently much affected, saying, "Good night, Sir."

What power there is in a kind word!

The day following these midnight cruises, many of the young women present themselves at one or other of the "Homes," seeking admission. But in many instances, some weeks, and even months, have elapsed before they have resolved upon acting on the advice given; showing that we must not be discouraged, if we do not see any *immediate* good resulting from our labours.

"TO WHOM MUCH IS FORGIVEN, THE SAME LOVETH MUCH."

Seest thou this woman standing,
Abject, near the feet of Christ?
Round the divan, servants handing
All the dainties of the feast.
Bold intrusion, none commanding
There the sight of such a guest.

Seest thou this woman weeping?
Guilt and sorrow brought her here;
Her swoll'n heart seems all but breaking,
'Tis too full to tell her prayer;
Yet her rising sighs are speaking
Melody in Jesus' ear.

Seest thou this woman kissing?
Humble penitence complete,
As she pours the oil of blessing,
To anoint his washed feet;
With her hair, then gently pressing,
Wipe the streaming tears that meet.

Seest thou this woman kneeling?
Mark the rapturous joy she 's in;
Mark, she owes, but Christ is willing
To forgive her all her sins:
Can you wonder at her feeling
Grateful? Happy Magdalene!

CHAPTER XI.

Further Hearts Blest.

"Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.

"I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God. I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick."

Ezek. xxxiv. 11, 12, 15, 16.

A LOST SHEEP RESTORED TO THE FOLD.

C. L., a native of Shropshire, lost an excellent and pious mother when very young, and as soon as she was able went to service. She became acquainted with a young man, an actor, who prevailed upon her to leave her situation, and share with him the novelties and enjoyments of such a life, which he described in very glowing terms. She was subsequently induced to take to the stage. Her paramour died, and she gave herself up to drink, and to sins of deeper dye. But the instructions of childhood frequently rushed to her recollection, and she resolved at last to make an effort to escape from her miserable condition. She applied at the door of a penitentiary, gained admittance, and remained there eighteen months. Not obtaining employment, she became discouraged, and left at her own request. She shortly afterwards obtained admission at the "Dormitory," and having been trained to habits of

industry, employment was obtained for her as assistant nurse in a hospital. The religious instruction imparted was blessed to her soul, — she became a believer in Jesus, and was very zealous in her endeavours to present the same gospel truths to the patients under her care, though much to the annoyance of the medical attendants, who for a time greatly opposed her. In the discharge of her duties, she often met with young women in a position similar to that in which she herself had been placed, and earnestly entreated them to seek admission into the "Dormitory," where she had received so much benefit. Nor were her entreaties in vain. She continues to go on well, is a consistent member of a Christian church, and filling a very useful station in a public institution.

A POOR MOTHERLESS GIRL.

F. D. was another motherless girl. Little can be ascertained of her early history, except that when her mother died, her father married again. The step-mother being very unkind and neglectful of her when at home, she went to service at an early age. While in service a young man made honourable proposals to her, which she too readily

accepted. The sequel, however, painfully proved that the proposals were not so honourable as professed; for in an evil hour she was drawn aside from the path of virtue, induced to leave her situation, and live with him. In a short time she was cast destitute upon the wide world. Becoming disgusted with her life of shame, she ventured to ask her offended father's forgiveness and protection; but she was repulsed from his door, and returned to what appeared to her to be the only course left. Her privations and hardships were very severe, and her constant exposure to so many ills soon laid the foundation for premature decay of nature. One day, as I was walking in Westminster, I observed her in a pitiable condition, sitting on a door-step. She was removed to the "Dormitory," and means were used to restore her to health. But it was too late. A rapid consumption was doing its deadly work. I then sought, and after some difficulty, found her father, and endeavoured to effect a reconciliation; but in vain. The mother-in-law seemed to thoroughly hate her. The poor girl was, however, daily visited by several friends, who took it in turns; and she was instructed in the truths of Scripture. Before she died, she requested as a favour to see all the inmates. Her request was granted, and when they were assembled around her bed, she most earnestly and affectionately exhorted them to seek salvation at once,

and not to put it off to a dying hour, as she had done. She gave to each a suitable tract, and begged the matron's acceptance of a pin-cushion, as a token of her gratitude for the kindness shown her. The day following she was evidently dying. In answer to questions put to her, she affirmed that she had found peace through believing, and had a firm persuasion of her acceptance with God through Christ. Smiling on those around her, she took her departure from this scene of sin and suffering. Her remains were conveyed to her father's house; but he would not allow them to be admitted; and consequently they were interred by the institution.

A CASE OF UTTER DESTITUTION.

L. P. was a poor motherless girl, whose father's business was that of a hawker. In early life she was greatly neglected, and endured much trial and hardship. Being in a most destitute condition, she was advised to break a window. She objected to do this; but resolved to ring the Lord Mayor's bell at the Mansion House, which she did. For this offence she was sent to prison for three weeks. This circumstance led to her being introduced to my notice, and she was admitted into the "Dormitory." The

matron reported that she was in a most pitiable state; her health greatly impaired, and her sight nearly gone, through sleeping on door-steps and out-houses. She was, however, at length brought round by skilful medical treatment and nourishing food. After proper training, she was eventually sent out to service, and continues to do well. Whenever opportunity offers, she calls to see us.

A BRUTAL FATHER.

W. R. was a poor girl who lost her mother in early life. The father was a very unfeeling man, and among other acts of cruelty, turned his motherless daughter into the streets, to do as she best could. She soon entered upon a course of sin, and became a passer of counterfeit coin. She was apprehended in January, 1852, tried the following month, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. When she came out of prison, she went to her father's house and sought admission; but in vain. One Saturday evening, as she sat upon the door step, the inhuman father entered, having three loaves under his arm. She asked for a piece of bread; but even that he denied her. Some neighbours, moved by this pitiable scene, gave her a few pence, and with these, being disgusted with her life and driven to

despair, she bought some poison, and took it. She was taken to the infirmary, where means were successfully used to restore her. There one of our friends met with her, and when she was able to be removed, placed her in the "Dormitory," where she remained for a period of six months; but she never wholly recovered the effects of the poison. She was under the necessity of going back to the infirmary, where she grew worse and worse, until she entirely lost her reason, and died a fearful sufferer. Her future state eternity only will disclose; but to soothe the sufferings of such an one, and impart a knowledge of gospel truths, which was successfully done during her residence in the "Dormitory," was a point gained, and one not of the meanest importance.

A PARENT'S GRATITUDE.

E. N. was born and brought up in a country district, and, like many others, came to London in the hope of doing well. She soon fell into the snares so plentifully set in the metropolis, and became numbered with the multitude that go out nightly to do evil. She had been following her life of sin for five years, when I met with her. She was prevailed upon to forsake her wretched course; her parents

were written to; and, to their credit be it said, they immediately replied, expressing their willingness to receive her home again. The following letter was received from her father:—

"SIR,—I received your letter, and was happy to hear that my child Ann can be restored to me again. I humbly thank you for your kindness in letting me know about her. I never thought I should see her again. I trust that she will, however, be like the prodigal son; and if so, I shall receive her with joy. If you will send her by a third-class train from Paddington station to Oxford, she will be heartily welcomed, and I humbly thank you.

"Your obedient servant,

"J. N."

SEED SOWN BY THE WAYSIDE.

I had given one of my papers to a young woman in Holborn. Soon after receiving it, she went into a shop, where, on taking the paper out of her pocket, she said, "See what I have had given me to-night." The shopkeeper requested to have it, and she gave it to her. It was laid aside and forgotten. About a week afterwards, a young female of this unhappy class went into the shop, and, in the course of conversation, said, "I wish I could change my mode of

life." The shopwoman, recollecting the paper she had asked for, showed it to her, saying, "Perhaps this may be of use to you." She read it; and its contents immediately went home to her heart. She applied at the "Dormitory," and was admitted. This young woman had been professedly religious, but had lamentably fallen. After remaining some time in the Dormitory, a situation was obtained for her, and she has returned to the Christian community to which she had belonged.

AN UNFORTUNATE RESTORED.

B. A. having been received into the "Dormitory," was in a short time restored to her friends in the country. Her father had been a farm-labourer and sexton. He died, leaving her mother a widow with a family. The girl came to London as a servant, and for a time did very well. Leaving her situation, she took lodgings, hoping soon to succeed in getting another place; in this she failed. Her means being exhausted, she was unable to pay her rent. At the same time a young man, with whom she had kept company, deceived her, and being destitute, she went on the streets. Being much disgusted with her course of life, and some time afterwards meeting with a

young girl in similar circumstances, she remained with her, till she heard of the "Dormitory." To the missionary who took her to the railway station, she expressed her estimation of the kindness she had received, by saying, "Do write to me soon." Three days afterwards a letter was received, in which the poor widowed mother expressed her hearty thanks for the kindness shown to her erring daughter.

A HAPPY UNION EFFECTED.

T. W. was in early life sent to service, in which she continued some years; till she formed a improper connection with a young man, when she soon fell into difficulties, and was driven finally to the streets. After following this course some time, she was met by a minister of the gospel, who offered to obtain a refuge for her. She accepted the offer, and was received into the "Dormitory." The beneficial effect of separation from her former associates, and the good influence of Christian instruction and counsel, became apparent in her. In the meantime, the minister sought out her companion in sin, and expostulated seriously with him; the young man manifested contrition for the evil he had inflicted on her, and the result was a proposal of marriage

on his part, which being accepted by the young woman, the minister who had been the means of separating, had the gratification of re-uniting them in the sacred bonds of matrimony. He was also able to express his firm conviction that the young woman had become a subject of saving grace, and that in the man a great moral change, at least, had taken place.

A CASE OF PREVENTION.

S. L., a native of W——, about a month previous to her admission into the "Dormitory," left her home and came to London, seeking a situation. Failing in this, she used every effort to get employment, but in vain; her means becoming exhausted, she parted with several articles of clothing to pay her lodging; and when this resource failed, applied at two workhouses, but was refused. At last she was spoken to by a cabman, who directed her to us. It being late at night, he generously paid for a lodging for her, and went away immediately. She never saw him afterwards. The next morning she was admitted.

AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

E. N. in early life possessed great personal attractions, which exposed her to more than ordinary

temptations. She was induced to live with a gentleman of high position in society. After some time he was removed by death, and she was left without home or character, and sunk lower and lower in vice and degradation; until, divested of hope, she attempted suicide; but was mercifully rescued. Subsequently, she was prevailed upon to enter the "Dormitory." Here she manifested a disposition to oblige, and willingness to engage in the duties to which she was appointed. A situation was obtained for her; where she remained until she was married. The matron received a letter from her mother, expressing her gratitude for the kindness shown to her daughter.

A WANDERER WELCOMED HOME.

F. W. was met with by myself and two friends, as we were returning home from a midnight cruise. Finding that she was not following a course of sin without reproaches of conscience, we offered her the protection which the "Dormitory" affords; for which she seemed most grateful. She was a native of S——. Her parents were poor, but respectable; and when she was old enough, sent her to a situation near London, with the view of improving her position. Here, away from parental counsel and oversight, and exposed to numerous temptations, she

fell. Shame prevented her returning home, or communicating with her parents, and in this condition, in all human probability, she might have remained, but for the operation of the Moonlight Mission. Soon after entering the "Dormitory," she ventured to write to her parents, who forgave her, and gladly welcomed her home. She has since written to the matron, expressing her gratitude for the kindness received whilst an inmate of the institution.

A WANDERER RECLAIMED.

M. A. P., a young woman of neat and modest appearance, applied for admission into the "Dormitory." In answer to enquiries, she said, "I am the child of respectable parents living at B——; in which place I had been a domestic servant till a few months ago, when a commercial traveller induced me to leave my native place with him, promising to marry me. I foolishly consented, and he took me to H—— W——; but soon afterwards deserted me. Being a stranger in that place, I did not remain there, but made my way to London, hoping to obtain employment; but my efforts were unsuccessful. I have parted with nearly all my clothes, and now I do not know what to do." Inquiry was made whether she had had any food that day. This ques-

tion seemed to overcome her feelings. She replied that she had not. Having behaved herself very well while in the "Dormitory," in a short time a situation was procured for her.

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

H. H., a native of A——, 26 years of age, lost her parents while very young. After their death, she lived with her uncle. When old enough, he obtained a situation for her in her native place, where she remained two years; when she left, hoping to improve her circumstances by taking a situation offered her in London, in which she continued a year and ten months. Obtaining a more lucrative place, she became the subject of temptation, to which she yielded, and lived ten months with a gentleman. The voice of conscience spoke, and she left him. Not having wholly forsaken attendance at a place of worship, and being driven to an extremity, she applied to the clergyman, who directed her to this institution, where she was admitted.

THE SHOWER OF RAIN.

One evening in the month of June, I was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, and sought shelter under

the awning of a shop, where I found an interesting young female seeking the like accommodation. The storm continuing, conversation ensued, and at length I ascertained that she was a domestic servant out of a place, and a person of good character. Her little stock of savings were, however, gone; and she would have been quite penniless had she not pledged some of her more valuable articles of apparel. Here, thought I, is an opportunity of doing good. I at once invited her to take refuge in the "Temporary Home," until a situation could be procured for her, promising that she should be at no expense for lodging. The good opinion I had formed of her was greatly strengthened by her prompt and becoming reply:—

"Sir, your offer is very kind; but you are a stranger to me, and London is a bad place; besides, I do not know what your intentions may be."

To hear such a reply gladdened my heart, and I resolved to assist such a worthy, though needy young person. I commended her prudence and courage, and begged her to accept a trifle to met her present necessities. Enquiring into the character of her education, she told me she had been trained in a sabbath-school—that there she had learnt to pray and acknowledge God in all her ways, that He might direct her paths. She stated, that on the morning of that day she had spread her troubles before the Lord,

and regarded this seeming accidental circumstance to be an answer to her prayers. I gave her my address, and the rain clearing off, we parted; the young woman thanking me many times for the advice given and assistance rendered.

Some few days had passed away, and the circumstance had been forgotten, when the postman brought me a letter, of which the following is an extract:—

"Sir,—I now apply to you in consequence of your kind offer, hoping you will not think it too early. I told you I stood in need of a friend. I am sorry to say I have not heard of anything to suit me, and the weather prevents my getting about as I should like. I will come on Saturday morning, if convenient to you.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"E. E."

According to promise, she came on the day appointed, and was provided with temporary board and lodging until she obtained a situation.

A SINNER SAVED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

H. M. was some few years ago received into the "London Female Dormitory," and from thence sent home to her parents; but owing to frequent violent

acts, when in a state of intoxication, she was obliged to leave her home. She returned to London, and pursued her former habits for some time; ultimately she applied of her own accord, a second time, and was then received into the "Female Temporary Home," where she remained for some time; but was dismissed for improper conduct. However, a watch was kept over her. At length she became an out-patient of the Middlesex Hospital; her illness increased, and she was obliged to keep her bed. At the hospital she was visited by myself and other friends; her mother, also, who is a believer, came from the country to attend upon her; and being with her some weeks before her departure, testifies to an evident change of heart, and assurance of her daughter having believed to the saving of her soul.

A STRICKEN CONSCIENCE.

The following letters were written to me by a "fast" young gentleman, who picked up one of my papers, dropped during a cruise on the evening of the illumination, on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French:—

"Sir,—While passing last night through Regent-street, I picked up one of your circulars, and have the pleasure of addressing you to-day, in order to

thank you for the good advice you give therein. Our present world is in a most lamentable state of wickedness; and as I feel that I have not been free from the contagion of it. I have been much pleased by the directions you give, and beg to state that the pamphlet, "London by Moonlight," to which you refer, is well known to me.

"There was a time when such books and pamphlets were my only reading; and heaven knows how much I long for such experience again. I now seek the advice of characters such as I am quite sure you are,—and as my conscience is striken by my wickedness, I should feel obliged by your giving me some further advice, to strengthen me in my fresh resolutions to alter my course. You will perhaps be good enough to forward to me, by letter, some instruction, whereby I might be enabled to improve myself; so that I may be able to stand an interview with a man of your feelings.

"Yours obediently,

"P. L."

"Please address as follows:—P. L., Post Office, Upper-street, Islington.

"One of my former companions in vice is in an awful state, both of body and mind; and I certainly shall communicate to him the advice I feel sure you will give me."

I immediately sent him a letter of advice, enclosing the following tracts:—"Revellings, and such like"; "Sin no Trifle"; "Sin, its Punishment and Remedy"; "You must be Born Again"; "The Compassion of God"; "Have you come to Jesus?" The following answer was received:—

"REVERED SIR,—I have been favoured with your lines of the 22nd, and I beg to thank you for the good advice you give me therein. I shall peruse the pamphlets you have kindly sent me, and feel sure they will answer the purpose.

"I notice with pleasure that you are willing to grant me an interview, and shall be most happy to meet with a man of your standing. I shall transmit the pamphlets to my friend, whom I mentioned to you; and thank you beforehand for the good impressions they will make upon him.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"P. L."

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

Having met E. N. in the streets, her cough and delicate appearance attracted my attention. In answer to my question, "Would you like to leave

this sad life, which is ruining you in body and soul?" she replied, "Sir, I cannot; I am in debt to my landlady, and the clothes I wear are hers." She passed on; but I could not forget her. A night or two afterwards I went out, praying that God would direct my steps, so that I might again meet this evidently dying girl. I traversed the same streets in search of her, and through the mercy of God we met again. Finding her willing to leave her sinful course of life, I offered her a home, which was gladly accepted. She was watched over and cared for in the "Temporary Home," seeing her end in this life was fast approaching; for she was pronounced to be in an advanced state of consumption. The Scriptures were read to her frequently, and she showed great anxiety about her soul. It pleased God, by the power of the Spirit, to reveal Jesus to her as the Saviour of sinners, in whom she found peace and joy in believing; which was manifest to all around her for the last three weeks of her sojourn here. She frequently exhorted the other inmates not to put off repentance to a death bed, but to come at once to Jesus, who had graciously received one so vile and guilty as herself. Her last words were, "Good bye; I am going to Jesus. Say good bye to all for me, and thank them for their kindness."

She departed to be with Jesus on the 21st of December, 1855.

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE."

In the chambers of the grave,
Low beneath the heavy clod,
Deep below the ocean wave,
Where man's foot hath never trod;
Safe, though long forgotten, lie
Seeds of immortality.

They must live, like precious grain
Starting into life and bloom:
They must rise, for He must reign—
Jesus, who despoil'd the tomb:
He, the Resurrection, lives;
He the promis'd harvest gives.

O my soul! is Jesus thine?
Thine his resurrection pow'r?
'Tis enough: thy dust resign,
Till thy Lord's triumphant hour.
Vile and worthless as it is,
It shall share thy spirit's bliss.

Or should that expected day
Come before thou reach the tomb,
Thou shalt rise and soar away,
Chang'd with an immortal bloom;
And in bridal glory shine,
Thou the Lord's, and Jesus thine.

CHAPTER XII.

Sleeping in Jesus.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." 1 Corinthians xv. 55—58.

A—— C——, a girl of sixteen years of age, and a native of H——, was sent to the "Female Temporary Home" by Mr. J——, of the same place, that she might be beyond the influence of bad companions. She had been leading a life of sin for some time. About a fortnight after her admission, she became tired of home restraint, and consequently returned to her evil course at H——. She was, however, induced to return to the "Home" at the end of the same year, when she was in a very bad state of health; the exposure consequent on the life she had led having sown the seeds of consumption. For some months, her manner during the intervals of freedom from the prostration and debility incidental to her disease, was not remarkable for anything but levity and thoughtlessness. As she became weaker, she became more quiet and reserved; and for a long time, when spoken to on the subject of her soul's

eternal welfare, and her position as a sinner in the sight of God, her answers were only in monosyllables.

One evening she sent for Mr. M——, the missionary, to read to her. She was then keeping her bed. On going to her, he said, "Well, Alice, you have wished me to read to you; now you know there is but one book I like to read, and that I have read so often to you, that you do not seem to take any interest in it."

"Oh, don't say so," she replied; "you don't know."

"Well, this cheers me; and I will read what I believe to be God's message to me and every poor sinner." He then read John iii. 14—18, and remarked, "Believing in this is the key that opens up all that the Scriptures say about Jesus and His atoning work."

"Yes," she replied; "even for me, and every one that believes; for 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Now hear what God says to us." Mr. M—— then read the first, second, and third chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians, telling her that all those blessings were ours, by virtue of Christ's atoning blood, through faith.

After a short silence, she asked him to pray; which he did, and then read the hymn commencing—

> "Come let us join our cheerful songs
> With angels round the throne."

She covered her face with her hands, and wept.

Shortly afterwards she became very low-spirited, and on enquiry it was found that she was grieving on account of her absence from her dying mother, whom, notwithstanding her evil course, she still loved. On its being stated to her, that according to the last letter received, it was her mother's wish that she should remain at the "Home" she replied, "It is said so; but I know my mother better; she said it merely for my comfort: but she is dying, and I am dying. Oh, let me, if I cannot help her in any other way, comfort her by speaking of Jesus. Oh, what a comfort it would be to my mother, whom I have so often pained, to speak to her of the life to come."

It was said to her, "Wait till you are better acquainted with all the circumstances." Her mother was in great poverty.

"Oh," she replied, "God can meet all that; do let me go."

As she urged this request so frequently, it was thought best to comply with her wish, and she shortly afterwards left for her home.

Some letters were received from her, expressive

of her joy at being at home with her mother. The following was the last received:—

"My dear Mr. M.—I am about to write you my dying and farewell letter. I am perfectly happy, and I hope Jesus Christ has forgiven my sins, and that I shall soon see Him in heaven. I desire my kindest love to Lieutenant Blackmore and all the friends; also to all the girls.

"I hope you will answer my letter without delay. Perhaps I may never live to receive a letter from you. Mr. J—— comes often to see me. Perhaps, before you receive this letter I may be in heaven.

"I often think of those beautiful verses, one of which is,—

> "'Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
> Shall never lose its power;
> Till all the ransomed church of God,
> Be saved to sin no more.'"

"Farewell, I conclude with my dying love.

"From your penitent child,

"A—— C——."

"Write without delay. Good bye; God bless you."

I thought it desirable that this letter should be responded to in person; and accordingly Mr. M—— left immediately for H——. On reaching the house,

he found them poor indeed in this world's goods. She heard his voice, as he was enquiring at the door, and called out, "Let him in." Mother and daughter raised themselves in their bed, to greet him with "God bless you."

It appeared that she had been suffering from one of those attacks so frequent in consumption, which was so severe, that the medical gentleman in attendance did not anticipate her recovery: hence the cause of the letter. But she said she was glad he had come, and hoped that Mr. M—— would forgive her, as she had a great desire that her mother should see him.

The mother expressed heartfelt thanks to God for the mercy shown to her child, and the great change she had experienced. "Now," said she, "through God's grace we are prepared to depart whenever he calls. My dear child, on recovering, prayed that you might come, to take a last farewell."

Mr. M—— then had some conversation with the daughter on the love of God, who had so mercifully borne with her many trangressions.

Turning to her mother, she said, "God has forgiven me, and my mother forgives me, and I forgive all, and am ready to go; and my mother with me. Oh, how wonderful, that I, who hated to hear of God's name, and especially of His love, now desire to hear of nothing else!"

Before leaving, Mr. M—— offered prayer on their behalf, a portion of which was signally answered. [He prayed that when the time of their separation came, the Lord would be pleased so to order it, that the one who would remain might not witness the death-struggle of the other. And so it was; for when A—— departed, her mother was not aware of it, but thought she was asleep.]

At the next morning's visit, Mr. M—— found her much better. Being obliged to leave early, he remained with them only about two hours. Their tears of joy, at parting upon earth in prospect of meeting in heaven, was indeed a rich reward.

Shortly after his return, a letter was received from the mother, informing us that A—— had departed this life perfectly happy, in the certain hope of entering that place where sin and sorrow are never known, purchased for her by the Redeemer's blood. She was seventeen years of age.

In little more than a month, another letter was received, stating that the mother was no more.

Both are now before the throne of God, singing the praises of the Lamb.

Reader,—Have you ever been accosted by one of these unhappy women; and, instead of spurning her from your presence, have you spoken to her

kindly, and told her of the love of Jesus? If not, you know not their sensibility to the voice of kindness, and, in many cases, their preparedness of heart to receive the gospel message. But perhaps you would be sorry to be seen speaking to such an one. Ah, despise her not in thy heart, but pity her; for fallen though she be, she is a woman yet; and in spite of all her sin, she may one day sing in Paradise, loudly as Peter himself, if God have mercy on her soul. Therefore pass her not by with thy lip curled, and with thine eye averted; but pity her, pity her still. Look down on her, not with contempt, but with the eye of thy compassion. Seek to do what thou canst to raise her, remembering that in the selfsame image in which thou wast created, she was created, and, fallen though she be, she is still one of God's creatures—as thou art one; therefore thou oughtest to love her. The good need not our sympathies, but the evil demand them. Therefore should we seek the evil most, and go after them, if haply we may be made the means of the salvation of their souls.

"THERE SHALL BE ONE FOLD, AND ONE SHEPHERD."

THERE is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night are never seen.

Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills,
With joy that never dies.

There is a Shepherd living there,
The first-born from the dead,
Who tends with sweet unwearied care,
The flock for which He bled.

There the deep streams of joy that flow,
Proceed from God's right hand;
He made them, and He bids them go
To feed that happy land.

There congregate the sons of light,
Fair as the morning sky,
And taste of infinite delight
Beneath their Saviour's eye.

Where'er He turns, they willing turn;
In unity they move;
Their seraph spirits nobly burn
In harmony of love.

No low-bred thoughts of carnal mind
Invade that pure abode;
Terrestrial cares are left behind,
And every thing is God.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Be not weary in well doing."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."—Eccl. ix. 10.

"Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we,—
One, only one;—
How sacred should that one life ever be,—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

BONAR.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

The following is an account of a case met with by Mr. John Vanderkiste, one of the friends who accompanied me on my first midnight cruise, thirteen years ago, and who has since been a zealous co-worker :—

When returning from a meeting at Exeter Hall on the 6th of February 1850, I offered up a prayer that the Lord might make me useful. I had not proceeded far, when a young woman put her arm in mine, and walked with me. I found she was in a most desolate condition, a confirmed drunkard, and addicted to taking laudanum.

Upon speaking to her on the course of life she was leading, and on the truths of the Bible, she said she knew all about it; and I found, after further conversation, that she was well acquainted with the gospel plan of salvation. Her story was a melancholy one. Her mother had died while she was young,

but her father had taken particular care of her. In the course of time she became a Sunday-school teacher, was confirmed, and partook of the Lord's supper. Her father placed her in a situation in the suburbs, with a clergyman's family. She afterwards left that service, having conducted herself with great credit, and took another, where the wages were higher. She still continued to attend church regularly: but while in this situation she became acquainted with a young man, who effected her ruin. He however had to wait his time, and to undermine all the good that had been instilled into her mind. This he did so successfully, that although she was going to live with him on the Tuesday, she took the sacrament on the Sunday previous. After living with her for about two years, one day, on his return home, he said, "Jane, this connection between us must cease; I am going to get married. I will give you some money to set you up in business, and I trust you will never molest or interfere with me." She was taken by surprise; but replied, "I will not take a farthing of your money; this much I promise, that I will never molest you." He left her, and was married, and she went on the streets.

I met and conversed with her several times afterwards, but she only wept, and said there was no hope for her, and was sure she should go to hell, being

far worse than many others she could point out, who had not been brought up as she had, having sinned against light and knowledge. In a fit of delirium tremens, she went to the New River, with the intention of committing suicide; but when she arrived there, the police were taking out the dead body of an "unfortunate" female, which had the effect of deterring her from her rash purpose.

I continued to visit and write to her, using every means in my power to induce her to enter one of the penitentiaries, but in vain; for after visiting two of them, she declared that she never could submit to be shut up for two years, and have her hair cut off.

She was also visited by the Rev. W. Tomkins, who took a deep interest in her. Having mentioned her case to Lieutenant Blackmore, he kindly wrote, asking her to call upon him, which she did about the 10th of May; when, after speaking to her faithfully, but kindly, she said that the kindness which had been shown her had quite melted her heart, and that she was ready to do whatever he wished her. Accordingly, Lieutenant Blackmore made arrangements with Mrs. F—— to receive her into her house; where she continued to reside until the end of October, when she entered the service of a Christian family. A very great change took place in her, both physically, and spiritually, during the time she remained with Mrs. F——.

She removed from one situation to another, until she went to live with a captain and his lady, where she remained for three years; and during the latter portion of this time, she had the entire charge of the housekeeping. She paid so much attention to her mistress in her dying illness, that upon her death, her master made her a very handsome present.

During the period she was in this family, she was a constant attendant upon the means of grace, and professed to have found peace in believing. She took a most lively interest in the "London Female Dormitory," to the funds of which she was a contributor.

The following letters, written to myself and the Rev. W. Tomkins, will best describe her state of mind:—

"*June 24th*, 1850.

"SIR,—According to your wish I attempt to address a few lines to you. In so doing, I would first return you my most grateful thanks for your great kindness to me. I feel it the more, when I know it has been the means of saving both my soul and body from destruction; yes, had it not been for you, I should now be lifting my eyes in torments, instead of being here, hoping for mercy. Words fail me to speak my gratitude; but I trust my future conduct will prove to you the sincerity of my profession. Sir, in your

conversation with me, you said I ought to be happy; how can you expect me to be so, when I remember how far I have fallen in sin and wickedness; especially when I remember the privileges I have had, the many advantages, (having been carefully and tenderly reared,) and the great privilege of moving among those that feared the Lord. And yet to think of the degraded state to which sin reduced me; all lost that ought to have been dear to me, and now I am a miserable, dependent outcast in the world. When I think of this, Sir,—of the great sin in the sight of God, the burden that is on my mind is more than I can bear. I trust I feel truly sorry for my sins, and that one day I may behold and rejoice in the mercy of a sin-pardoning God. I know, Sir, that you pray that this may be my portion. I hope you will believe me, when I tell you that the thought of no one in this world troubles me now, not even him from whom I am separated now. I am more happy than I have been for years; how can I help being so, when you and those whom you interested on my behalf are all so kind.

"Hoping you are better than when I saw you last,

"I remain,

"Your humble and grateful servant,

"J. D."

"To Mr. John Vanderkiste."

"*London, Sept. 24th,* 1850.

"HONOURED SIR,—It is with feelings of great pleasure that I send these few lines to you, as I am sure you are one of my best friends, and that you will be glad to hear that your prayers have been answered, and that I am quite well and happy; for I now feel a sense of God's pardoning love. I have much to be grateful to you and Mr. Vanderkiste for, and I often pray for you both, for your kindness to me has been wonderful; but God will bless you and yours, and I hope we shall all meet together at God's right hand. I could not make up my mind to go to Weston House, but I am staying with a friend of Mr. Blackmore's; and I have great cause to be thankful to him for sending me where I am; for I am not like the same person that I was when I went there, for Mrs. F—— has received me as a mother and sister, and sympathized with me in every respect. Her kindness I shall never forget, and the only way I can repay her is by gratitude, and by my future conduct in life. I feel so grateful to Mr. Vanderkiste, more, far more, than I can express. I send this to encourage you, as having been one of the instruments in raising one who was so far gone in the depths of sin, as I was; but there is nothing impossible to the Lord; he has indeed plucked me as a brand from the burning.

"I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in sending you this trifling article, [a satin book-

marker, with the words, "God is Love," worked on it;] but I hope you will accept it from

"Yours most gratefully,

"J. D."

"To Rev. W. Tomkins."

And now it is my painful duty to state, that after this woman had thus maintained her integrity for so long a period, she was again ensnared, and has been brought to a most fearful state of poverty and wretchedness. A few friends have been making an effort to reclaim her. May it please the Lord to prosper their endeavours. The relapse of this poor sinner may well lead each one to take heed to that portion of holy Scripture,—"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

AN ORPHAN GIRL.

R. S., the daughter of respectable parents in the country, was, till ten years old, an attendant at a Sunday-school. Her father becoming a bankrupt, she came to London to seek a situation. In this she was successful, and stayed three years; when her father died, and she returned home. It is probable she would have remained there, had it not been for the ridicule heaped upon her by her brothers and sisters, who had not the love to their father which she had; for when she wept at the remembrance of his name, or at passing his grave, they sneered at her. This was so intolerable, that she determined to leave them and return to London. Here she entered a family, who, at the close of the Exhibition, went abroad, and she was thus left friendless in this vast metropolis, without means whereby to obtain a situation. At this crisis she was invited by a bad young woman to join her in her "easy way" of obtaining a livelihood. Becoming the dupe of

this individual, she was robbed, and had to walk the streets alone. From the commencement of this course, it appears that the weight on her mind was almost unbearable; notwithstanding which, she could not bear the thought of returning home, to endure the taunts of her brothers and sisters.

She never associated with unfortunate females; but, to use her own words, "I kept all the misery to myself." Ultimately, she was taken ill, and became a patient in a hospital; where, at the expiration of five weeks, hearing of this institution, she sought admission, and was received.

In relating these circumstances, the poor girl shed many tears at the thought of her past life, and at the unexpected kindness she met with at the "Dormitory," exclaiming, "Oh, if I had known of this place before, I should never have done as I have!"

Ten days after she was received, a lady kindly engaged her as a servant. Subsequently, she emigrated to Australia, and when last heard of was doing well.

A CASE OF PREVENTION.

One evening, as I was walking in Leicester-square, I saw a well-dressed young woman, apparently exposed to the moral dangers of the metropolis. I soon discovered that she was a stranger in London,

and knew not where to find a lodging. She had left her box of clothes at the railway station, and was standing, without money, in the neighbourhood of a scene of fashionable amusement. I gave her the following printed note, enclosed in an envelope:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—With the kindest motives this note is handed to you.

"A number of ladies and gentlemen of great Christian benevolence, being well informed of the numerous snares which are being laid for unsuspecting strangers in London, are anxious to throw the shield of protection over them. They herewith offer you immediate advice, assistance, or a temporary home, should you require it, where you will be affectionately received in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"If at all harassed, or in danger, pray accept without hesitation, this invitation.

"The address is as follows:– 218, MARYLEBONE ROAD, near Edgware Road. The Lady resident will be happy to receive you on mentioning my name.

"Lieut. JOHN BLACKMORE, R.N."

She was at first afraid to trust the advice given, remarking that London was full of deceptions.

Having gained her confidence by referring her to some friends who reside in Regent-street, she was conducted to the "Female Temporary Home."

The next day she was duly sent home to her friends. The following letter will tell her gratitude. To God be all the glory.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to say I arrived home quite safe this evening, found all my friends quite well, and am delighted to say they are leading a *pious* and *godly* life; I think not a mere outward show, but really from their hearts.

"Oh! what have I to thank you for, in restoring me in perfect innocence to them. What a base and vile life I was led from! Words cannot express my gratitude and heartfelt thanks to you. May the Lord guide your footsteps, and enable you to rescue others in such a perilous position as I was at that moment. My earnest prayer shall ever be for the welfare of those dear Christians connected with the 'Home.' How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me? My dear father has sad trials; he offers up prayers that he may overcome those trials, and I trust God may hear his prayers, as He did mine.

"I remain, your humble servant,

"A. R."

A FALLEN ONE RESTORED.

L. R. made personal application at the "Dormitory," and was received. She had been endeavouring to maintain herself by needlework; but work as well as health failing, she was reduced to extreme distress. Then came the temptation, and then her fall.

In a short time, a regular and nourishing diet proved effectual in restoring her to health. Having been informed that her late master had enquired after her, and that he could now give her full employment, she was provided with the necessary articles of clothing, and money for her immediate requirements, and she proceeded to her work as heretofore.

A few days afterwards, the following letter of thanks was received from her. We believe she is still going on well:—

"DEAR SIR,—As I did not see you before leaving the other day, I should not feel satisfied without writing to thank you for the comfortable home your kindness provided for me during the past two months; when, had it not been for that, I must have been on the streets, as I was out of employment, and had no friends to assist me; my parents having been dead for several years.

"I have now obtained employment, and hope, by the blessing of God, to obtain an honest living.

"I feel truly grateful to you, and all connected with the institution, for the kindness I received whilst there; and hope that the Lord will bless you in your work and labour of love.

"I hope, by the grace of God, I shall be preserved from falling a second time into the snares of sin. I know that of myself I can do nothing; but hope

that the Lord will grant me the assistance of His Holy Spirit, and preserve me from temptation.

"With best wishes for your health and happiness,

"I remain, yours gratefully,

"L. R."

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

The following is a copy of a letter written to me by a lady, and will be interesting to those who sympathize with this work:—

May 1st, 1856.

"DEAR MR. BLACKMORE,—A few days ago I had a visit from a clergyman, whose sympathies are drawn to the work in which you have for years been engaged. In the course of conversation, he related the following circumstances:—

"Returning home one night, his attention was drawn to a poor unhappy girl, who met him, and spoke as he passed. He entered into conversation with her, and kindly, but faithfully, placed before her the sad consequences of such a life of sin and shame as she was then pursuing. The poor girl wept bitterly, and said she would gladly enter any refuge, if she could thereby be enabled to earn her bread honestly. This kind gentleman took her to a

penitentiary, and asked for her admission; but the answer given was—'She must apply herself on the committee-day.' The hour was late—there was no help—so the poor girl turned away disheartened, weeping as she went.

"When the gentleman returned home, he related the circumstances, and made it a subject of *earnest prayer*, that God, in His mercy to poor sinners, would, if He saw good, open the way and enable him to establish a Refuge, where this most pitiable class of our fellow creatures could be received on any day, and at any hour; and further, that if he was not the one fitted for such a work, God would choose one more suited than himself for such a difficult task.

"Such a self-denying labour of love was not for him. In the course of a few weeks, your name came before him, as one heartily devoted to the work. He received the announcement as an answer to his prayers, and added, (what he wished me to inform you,) that 'Lieutenant Blackmore has my prayers and my sympathy.'

"Is not this enough to encourage you, amidst much that no doubt arises to discourage you? Let Satan rage, and all the hosts of hell combine to assault you; yet if your eye be single, God will stand by you, and he must and will prevail.

"Yours very faithfully,

——.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Cruise by Daylight.

"Many who have lived deeply to regret the stains which discoloured their opening years, are now among the best and foremost in works of good, and are living as altered men with their wives and children happy about them. Not so with those with whom they sinned. Some have perished in their sins; others, with broken hearts, are forced to continue their pilgrimage of guilt and woe. For these we claim not words alone, nor thoughts, but deeds of pity. *Restitution is a part of penitence.*"

Having been requested to call upon a nobleman, respecting a young woman he wished to place in one of the "Homes," I thought that as soon as I had transacted my business with him, I would take a cruise by daylight.

On arriving at his lordship's mansion, I was ushered into a waiting-room. Presently, there was a knock at the door, when one of the footmen said to me, "As you are nearest to it, please open the door, Sir." I felt my pride rise; but a thought of Jesus quelled it, and I did as I was desired. Then another asked me to ring the bell; which I did.

The nobleman being from home, his secretary appeared, and apologised for having kept me waiting, The two footmen now looked very much ashamed; and I observed, as I passed through the hall, that they had both put on their coats, and were standing, one on each side of the door, looking very much disposed to make an apology. I did not speak; for, thought I, in this case silent preaching is best.

Thus did the Lord, at the outset, test my strength for the work of the day; and teach me somewhat of the value of that heavenly precept, "Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good."

On my way to the city, I distributed many of my tracts to the male sex, and spoke with several young women. With very few exceptions, they were well received by the gentlemen; and most of the young women thanked me for the interest shown on their behalf.

Cruising up and down the pavement in front of the Royal Exchange, I distributed my notes, and spoke to many of this unhappy class. Most of them were very young and well attired, wearing hats and feathers. From five till eight o'clock in the evening, this spot is crowded with these young women and their co-partners in sin, when engagements are made for the evening. I observed one standing alone, looking very dejected. I gave her a note, at the same time asking her to call and see me.

"I am sure you are not happy," I said. "Are you now?"

"No; that I am not," she replied. "On the contrary, I am very miserable. It 's a hard life, Sir,

I assure you; nothing has passed through my lips since last night."

"Well, then, why not leave it at once?"

She hesitated.

"I do not wish you to decide hastily." I then gave her some tracts, and said, "Read these; and if you are really tired of this life, and wish to live respectably, do not hesitate, but come and see me."

I gave her a trifle out of the Mission fund, for which she heartily thanked me.

"Thank God," I said. "It is He who has sent it you. I am only His servant. Remember, my parting word is this—God is *for* you, and *not* against you, if you will only turn to Him."

I shook hands with her, and we parted.

Along Cheapside, Newgate-street, and Skinner-street, I distributed many of my tracts to the male sex. These (printed specially for them) are enclosed in envelopes, and endorsed on the outside, "For your perusal"— a form in which they are readily accepted.

At the bottom of Holborn-hill, I overtook an aged man with a heavy load on a truck. Here, thought I, is an opportunity for doing good. I will get hold of

this old man's heart, if I can; and then speak to him of Jesus.

"You've got a heavy load there, my friend," I said, stepping up to him.

"Yes, indeed I have, governor; it's too much for an old man."

"Well, I'll give you a lift."

The old man looked somewhat surprised. "Will you, Sir?" he said; "I'd be obliged to you, if you would."

"Heave a-head, then, mate!" and I took hold of the pole, while the old man pushed at the side; and he did his work with such right good will, that he seemed a dozen years younger than when I overtook him.

Arriving at the top of the hill, where there is a public-house, the old man stopped, put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a penny, saying, "You 'll take a drop of beer, Sir; won't you?"

"No thank you; — but I'll help you a little farther"; and as we walked along, I spoke to him of the love of the Saviour, "who was so rich, and for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich," The old man listened with much attention, and expressed surprise at some things I said. Though the simplest truths of the gospel, they were evidently quite new to him.

At length we stopped, and the old man wiped the

perspiration off his face. At parting I felt it a rich reward, when he held out his hard hand and shook mine, saying, "God bless you, Sir, for helping a poor fellow. You 're one of thousand."

I gave him a tract, (which he promised to read,) and passed on.

[I may mention, that a few days later a gentleman called upon me, and asked whether he had seen me wheeling a truck on Holborn-hill.

"Very likely," I said; "I remember doing such a thing."

"But, Sir, do you think such an act worthy of an officer and a gentleman? You might have given a man two-pence to have it done for you."

"Well, it may not have been worthy of an officer, or a gentleman (according to the current acceptation of the word); but I hope it was not unbecoming a Christian. As to my paying some one to do it for me, it will be time enough to forego the privilege when I have not strength to do it myself."

"I believe, Sir, you're not quite right in your head."

"Perhaps I am not. It is not the first time I have been thought a fool. Good morning."]

Turning a little out of my course, I went to visit one of our cases in a hospital. Here I heard of the

sudden death of a fine young woman, only twenty-one years of age, and well known as the "Belle of Holborn." She had often received my tracts and warnings; but I could never prevail upon her to enter either of the Homes. She is now gone to her "great account," and I fear with all her sins upon her. Nor will she stand before the judgment-seat alone; but he who has sinned with her, shall have his share of the righteous wrath of God, if he repent not. As I looked upon her remains in the dead-house of the hospital, I felt my soul lifted up in prayer to God, that I my be more zealous in this work, and warn others ere it is too late. I felt it as a heavy burden on my heart, that so few cared about the condition of these unhappy women.

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it is pitiful!
In a whole city full
Home she had none."

Passing down one of the fashionable rendezvous in the neighbourhood of Regent-street, I freely distributed my tracts and notes to both sexes. The street I refer to is a well-known spot, and often have I paced it for the same purpose. A tap at a window caused me to turn round, and looking down into an

area, I saw a smartly-dressed young woman, who called out, "How do you do, Lieutenant Blackmore? Come down; I want to speak with you—no; wait a bit, and the servant shall open the front door." This she did in a few seconds, and I entered. I was requested to walk down stairs, and "mind my steps"; the which I was careful to do in more senses than one. When I arrived in the kitchen, there stood this handsome young woman.

"Well," she said, I suppose you don't know me."

"I do not recollect you," I replied.

"I am the person you spoke to a few days ago in Regent-street, when you gave me an invitation to your institution. I am so dull up stairs by myself, that I have come down here to help 'wash up,' and make myself 'generally useful,' as they say of maids-of-all-work."

"Well," I replied, "I like to see young people exert themselves. A young lady who knows how to keep house well, is a fortune in herself."

"Oh, that dry philosophy!" she said, with a laugh. "Come up into the drawing-room."

I straightway followed, and she conducted me to a splendidly-furnished apartment. On the walls were hung some beautiful pictures; and the room wore an aspect, not only of comfort, but of luxury.

"Well, now; and are you happy in the midst of all this grandeur?"

"Not quite—not always," she replied.

"Then I offer you a *home*—not in name, but in *reality*. I will do all I can for your comfort and happiness Perhaps you will call and see me some morning, by appointment."

"How good you are! I suppose they are all good at your Home."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," I replied; thankful for an opening to fulfil my mission. "There is none good; no, not one."

"Oh, I understand you. There you are again. Now don't!"

"Well, now; but you know what the love of the world is—don't you? Here to-day, and gone to-morrow. I want to introduce you to 'a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' whose love is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' This friend is Jesus."

She now seemed full of thought; but made no reply; so I continued—"If the truth was known, you believed that base deceiver who first led you astray."

"Yes, I did; and as you have spoken so kindly to me, I will tell you all about it. I was decoyed from my father's house at the age of fifteen, by a captain in the army. I am but seventeen now; so you see it was only two years age. Well, he promised to marry me; and I was delighted with the prospect of

being a captain's bride. But he never fulfilled his promise; he is now in India; and has left me to manage for myself as best I can. I need not tell you how I live."

[Ah! thought I: like the fool in the Scriptures, he has said in his heart, "Tush, there is no God." But though in a distant land, far away from his victim; he is not beyond the reach of the arm of vengeance. There is a day of terrible retribution coming; when God will "convince all that are ungodly among them, of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." Nor will the unbelief and contempt of proud man make the approach of that day less certain. For "God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent. Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" But should this meet the eye of any, to whom these remarks apply; remember, this is the day of God's longsuffering. He is "not willing that any should perish; but that all should come to repentance." "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Believe on Jesus; and "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimsom, they shall be as wool."]

As I took my departure, she thanked me warmly for my visit; and I came away praying in my heart that God would direct me in this case, and use me as an instrument in His hand of eternal good to her soul.

As the evening drew on, the numbers of these unhappy women multiplied on the streets. Between Regent-circus and the top of Oxford-street I spoke to very many; and sad tales of misery and want, desertion of friends, and failing health, I heard. It is indeed "a hard life," as many of them acknowledge; and not unfrequently are they brought before our magistrates, charged with having robbed their co-partners in sin. But while *their* sin is blazed abroad, how little is known by the public of the mean and villainous conduct of these men. A recital of them here would be unbecoming; but if the wrongs of these women were better known, the wonder would be, that such abject poverty, so cruelly treated, should be as honest as it is.

Feeling very tired, after several hours' walking, I strolled into Hyde Park, to rest myself on one of the seats. Having entered at the Marble Arch, I saun-

tered down the broad walk, looking out for a resting-place. It was a beautiful evening, and the stars had already begun to shine. By-and-by, I observed a seat which was not fully occupied. At one end of it sat a young woman, and at the other end two young men. As I walked towards them, I saw that they were endeavouring to engage her attention. There is something to be done here, I thought: so I sat on the centre of the seat. I had not been there long, when I discovered that my presence was not very acceptable to the young men; but without noticing their looks, or their hints to each other, I turned to the young woman and remarked, "What a beautiful evening it is, Miss!"

"Yes, very," she replied.

Instantly I seemed to know her voice, and felt persuaded I had spoken with her before; so I said, "Do you reside far from here?"

"Oh, no; not far," she replied; "but why do you wish to know where I live?"

"Because I feel an interest in you. I hope you will pardon my rudeness."

"Oh, certainly, Sir. But I do not think you have been rude. I am glad to have some one to talk to."

"May I then ask, Have you many real friends in London?"

"*Real* friends! Ah, they are very scarce; at least, I have met with but few of them."

"Will you allow me to be one of the few?" I asked, presenting her with my card.

She looked at it, and said, "Oh, Lieutenant Blackmore! I have had one of these before. Are you the gentleman?"

"Yes; and I shall be happy to see you, if you will call."

The young men now rose and walked away, and an elderly lady took their place.

The young woman laughed, and said, "There now, they have been trying, for the last half-hour, to engage my attention, but failed. Neither of them spoke once, except to themselves. What faint hearts they must have! I don't think they enjoyed your company, Sir."

I now turned to the old lady, and remarked how brightly the stars were shining. "Is it not wonderful, ma'am, that the mariner can take a ship from one end of the world to the other, by means of these heavenly planets?"

"Very wonderful, Sir. I like to sit here in the evenings, and admire the beauties of nature, and think of their Creator."

"The morning star is very brilliant just now," I said. "I often gaze upon it at four in the morning, and think of that scripture, 'I am the bright and morning star.'"

"Do you rise so early, Sir?"

"Oh, no; but I am frequently out all night, and return home at that hour in the morning."

"Does not such a life try your constitution?"

"Sometimes, ma'am. I have had a wound in this leg, and after much walking, it gives me a good deal of pain; so does this scar in my face, in change of weather."

"Dear me; and yet you keep such late hours!"

I then explained to her my mission.

"Oh, Sir! what a blessing it must be to those poor girls. They need some one to look after them. Poor creatures! I pity them."

The young woman now rose, saying, "I must be gone," and walked slowly away.

I wished the elderly lady, Good bye; remarking that I purposed having some further conversation with the young lady.

"What!" she said; looking rather alarmed. "Is she, who has been sitting on the same seat with us so long, one of them? I should not have thought it."

I soon overtook the young woman, and renewed the conversation. I found that she was residing not far from the "Home," in Marylebone-road; and from her unpretending attire, and modest behaviour, I felt persuaded there was something unusual in her case. I gave her a pressing invitation to come and see me.

She replied, "No thank you, Sir; not yet."

I spoke to her of the shortness of time — of the certainty of death—and of the Lord's return to this earth, not again as a Saviour, but as a Judge; and entreated her earnestly to forsake her evil course.

"We may never meet again," I said; "but take care of that card; and if you are ever in trouble, and need a friend, pray let me know, and I will do my best to make you happy for time and eternity."

She seemed much affected, and thanked me heartily; remarking that she had often heard of the harsh discipline practised at some of the reformatories and penitentiaries, and felt that she could never endure it.

[Nor was I surprised to hear her say so. He who came to seek and save the lost, was not a hard taskmaster; but a tender-hearted and compassionate Saviour; and poor wearied sinners "marvelled at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth," and said to each other, "We have seen strange things to-day."]

Before we parted, she promised to come and see me.

What a field for the evangelist do the streets of London present! I say the *streets* of London. We have the gospel preached in churches and chapels, in concert-rooms, in theatres; and I have just heard that the Government has given permission that it may be preached in the parks. Very thankful should we be for all this; for "it pleaseth God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." But let us not think that preaching is the *only* means God uses to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus. I have much faith in *conversation*. Jesus having sent away his disciples into the city to buy meat, sat on the well of Sychar, and waited there the approach of a solitary sinner, that He might speak to her alone about the "water of life"; and Philip, directed by a heavenly messenger, went into the desert of Gaza, there to meet a lonely Ethiopian, that he might speak to him of Jesus—and when the evangelist had fulfilled his mission, he was caught away of the Spirit, to preach the word of Azotus.

Let us then, with God's help, do our best, not only to bring our fellow sinners under the sound of gospel-preaching; but also ourselves be "instant in season and out of season," watching for opportunities to speak with them face to face about their souls. And let it be an *attractive* gospel. It is "good tidings of great joy" we have to tell. "He that *winneth* souls is wise."

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine,
It shall serve thee and thy brother:
Love divine will fill thy shorehouse,
Or thy handful still renew:
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds (which mildew in the garner,)
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle;
Many wounded round the moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain,
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwin'd, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

CHAPTER XV.

"Instant in season and out of season."

"'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours."

BONAR.

A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

It gives me much pleasure to relate the case of M. H. When only seventeen years of age, she was brought under my notice by a kind-hearted matron from one of the hospitals. As a father, I could not but feel for her; and though gratuitous admission to the "Homes" is reserved for young women applying personally, and for those brought in by friends labouring in the work, yet in this case I felt it laid on my heart to bear the responsibility of providing for her. She remained with us about six months. During her stay, the simple truths of the gospel were set before her — God gave his blessing, and she went to service a Christian girl. She is still walking consistently; and when she has opportunity, comes to see us.

But she has not been without her temptations. The Lord has allowed the enemy to test her faith; but thanks to His preserving mercy, the trial has

made her light burn more brightly. In her first situation, her master, though a married man, with a family, made overtures to her, inviting her to meet him in London, unknown to her mistress. She left his service immediately. Another situation was procured for her, a short distance from the "Home," which she still occupies, and where, in her measure, she is reflecting the image of Jesus.

The following letter I received from her a short time after she entered her second situation :—

"My dear Lieutenant,—Many thanks for your kind letter. It gives me much pleasure to think that you should so honor me.

"Oh, dear Lieutenant, I feel more than ever the great mercy of God in bringing me to that dear 'Home.' I think I mentioned in my last, that I was seeking to be admitted to Mr. S———'s church. I thank God that it seems very likely I shall be accepted. One great obstacle has been removed; that is, my father has given his consent, which was brought about by very strange means; as I had asked once, and he as much as said, No.

"In course of conversation with one of the elders, I told him the whole of my past life. He says it will not go farther than among them. Dear Lieutenant, I mentioned your name; and where God, in His infinite love and boundless mercy, was pleased to turn

my rebellious heart to Himself. Never, never can I forget that time. You were reading one evening; suddenly, as it were, a light shone into my mind; and no longer able to contain myself, I went into the front room, and there poured out my heart in praise and thanksgiving to God for preserving my soul from destruction.

"But does my life prove that I am thankful to Him? Oh, I am afraid not; for how full of gratitude and love ought I to be, above all others; for they have not sinned as I have. I hope the Lord will make me useful in his cause. Oh, may I ever love and follow him, and deny myself. Look at Him, near upon his dying hour—not thinking of Himself; but washing His disciples feet — exhorting and comforting them.

"Dear Lieutenant, I read the bible you gave me more than ever now; and without the aid of the references I can find many precious passages. I must conclude now. Hoping that you are in good health, and that the work is prospering,

"I remain, yours very humbly and sincerely,

"M. H."

Being young and of comely appearance, she is much exposed to temptation. Often has she been spoken to in the streets by gentlemen; and sometimes she has been able to speak a word of reproof.

One gentleman remarked that it was the first time he had been thus spoken to, and thanked her for the advice she gave him. When her mistress can spare her, she delights in coming to our Sunday-evening readings, to join with us in praise and prayer.

Surely this case will rejoice the hearts of all who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity. Christians, pray for this young child of God, that she may be kept to the end.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

L. R., a young woman of prepossessing appearance, was enticed from her home by a designing woman at the age of nineteen. When I met with her, she had been living a life of sin eight months. Passing down London-street, I observed her approaching at a rapid pace, evidently dressed for some special occasion. As she drew near, I succeeded in arresting her attention, and feeling satisfied of her character, I said, "Depend upon it, Miss, he will disappoint you."

She seemed struck with this remark, looked very hard at me, and said, "Who told you that I had an appointment?"

"I thought so," I said; "you appeared to be in a great hurry."

But now the hurry seemed over; for she continued to look at me very enquiringly, without saying a word: as though, in her turn, she was trying to read my character.

I thought I understood the look, and said to her, "Now, will you allow me to be a friend to you—not merely in word, but in reality"; and I presented her with my card.

She looked at it, and said, "Are you a sailor?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Ah, they are generally kind-hearted fellows."

"Well, whether that be so or not, I mean what I say; and shall be happy to see you at the address on that card, any day you will call."

"I would rather you came to see me," she replied.

"Very well," I said, "I will call." And I fixed the day and hour.

At the time appointed I was there, and again entreated her to accept my invitation, which she said she should be happy to do, but could not pay her rent. This I offered to do for her; and while the bill was being made out, I went for a cab. On my return, the landlord evinced much unwillingness to part with her, and his wife endeavoured to persuade her to remain, the girl having been a profitable inmate. I however told the cabman to take charge of her boxes; and having paid her bill, we drove away to the "Home." Here she remained four

months; when her mother was communicated with, and (to her credit be it said) she received her with joy.

A few days after her return home, I received a letter, expressing her gratitude for the kindness shown her.

She is now married, and a most devoted wife she is.

PRACTICAL GRATITUDE.

S. H., a young woman of very fair education, who had been a parochial school-mistress, was brought to my notice by a relieving officer, who found her in a state of starvation, having been for a long time out of employment. After a residence in the "Home" of about two months, a situation was procured for her in Staffordshire, and she was enabled to resume her duties. In a short time, the following letter was received from her:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—In token of my gratitude for the benefits I have received from the 'Female Temporary Home,' I enclose a post-office order for ten shillings, as a donation to the same; and if I live hope to be able to send more at the end of next quarter, or probably at Christmas.

"I am very comfortable, in every sense of the word. Thanks be to the Giver of all good! I often think of you, and of your kindness to me. May the Lord reward you.

"I should be very glad indeed to hear from you; but I know your time is so much taken up, that I do not think you can find opportunity to write to me.

"In conclusion, I once more offer my sincere thanks, and hope you will receive this mite as coming from one who feels she has much cause to be thankful. Hoping you are quite well, and praying God to bless you,

"I remain, Sir,

"Yours very respectfully,

"S. H."

A STRANGE TEA-PARTY.

By the request of a lady, I went to visit a young woman who was in ill health, residing in a large house in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. During conversation with her about her soul, and her unfitness to depart this life, I discovered the kind of house I was in, and lifted up my heart in prayer, that God would make me a blessing to some poor creature living in it.

Presently she said to me, "I think I am strong enough. I have promised to go down stairs into the drawing-room, and take tea with my friends this evening. Will you condescend to join us?"

"Oh, yes," I said. [For thought I, my Master ate with publicans and sinners; and why should not I?]

On descending to the drawing-room, I found it elegantly furnished. Five young women were already seated at the table, and everything was served up in as good taste as one could have expected in a well-ordered house.

While we were at tea, the mistress of the house came in. "Mother," said the young woman whom I had come to visit, "who do you think we have to tea with us this evening?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," she replied.

"It 's Lieutenant Blackmore."

"Nonsense, girl."

"Yes, it is."

"I don't believe it."

"Why not," I replied, turning round to look at the woman, who was standing near the door.

"Because he 's a religious man. You don't look dismal enough for that sect."

"None are so happy as those who love Jesus," I replied.

She then suddenly left the room; and I continued my conversation with the young women. The result

of my visit was, that two of them left, and were restored to their friends. They informed me, that on leaving the house, the landlady declared she would do me some bodily injury, if I came there again. But if called upon to repeat my visit, what need I fear? The Lord is my shield.

"THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR."

These words, written on a slip of paper, and clandestinely laid on the table before a young lady pupil, was the first attempt of the deceiver (a French master), at one of the first schools. Meeting with no rebuff, step by step did he craftily proceed, until at length he effected her ruin. She was the only daughter of a widow lady, most respectably connected; and this sad event was the means of blighting their prospects for life—all the mother's hopes being bound up in her daughter.

Having been made acquainted with this distressing case, the young lady was received into the "Female Temporary Home," and the mother cared for by a generous Christian lady.

A short time after the above arrangements were made for their protection, I received the following letter from the mother:—

"*February* 10*th*, 1859.

"DEAR SIR,—Permit me to thank you for your noble and Christian reception of my poor dear girl and myself. I know not how to express my heart-felt thanks to you: God only can requite you; for indeed I am utterly powerless. The immense relief it is to have my child in such a Christian atmosphere and home, is quite beyond my power to describe. Blessed be God for His abounding mercies! To Him be praise, for raising up such friends, and inclining your hearts towards the erring. I have written every particular to Miss ——, not excepting your generous and delicate consideration of myself. Oh, what a godly, noble-hearted lady she must be. May He be your mutual reward. I have not heard since from Miss ——.

"Dear R—— feels truly grateful; but complains of her cold heart, not loving God more, though desiring to live nearer to Him.

"May our prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God grant her pardon and peace, and richly bless you in your labours of love, for His name's sake.

"Believe me to remain, dear Sir,

"Yours respectfully,"

"My dear aged mother (84) unites with me in daily humble prayer for you."

After a residence of nine months in the "Home," during which time she behaved in the most exemplary manner, the young lady's mind became impressed with a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; and a situation as governess was obtained for her.

Not being at the "Home" when the lady called for her daughter, she wrote me the following note:—

"DEAR SIR,—You kindly asked for the address of the lodging we hope to reach this afternoon. I have written it above; lest in the hurry of parting I may forget to give it you.

"I also wish to tell you how grateful we feel; but words fail me to express our heartfelt thanks for all your unnumbered and unwearied kindnesses. We have both received privileges, both spiritual and temporal, beyond measure invaluable, and greatly needed.

"I do trust the Christian example and instruction received here, will never be forgotten by either mother or daughter. It has been a home to us in our deep need and sorrow. Most bounteously has the Lord dealt by us. May He requite your sacrifices and labours of love for His sake, and pour upon you and yours abundantly every rich blessing in Christ Jesus. May your blessed work of love be eminently successful, as will your crown of rejoicing be great.

May supplies be amply bestowed upon you for this great Samaritan work.

"And now, dear Christian Sir, adieu, and may the blessing of the widow and fatherless rest upon you richly, prays

"Yours respectfully,"

———.

The last accounts received of this young lady, inform us that she was filling a situation as governess, and that her walk was consistent with her confession of union with Christ.

The above is only one out of many cases, which have come under my notice, of young ladies having been led astray by professors attending both at schools and in private families. Parents should indeed tremble for their children. They cannot be too careful whom they select as their instructors and companions.

A FATHER'S GRATITUDE.

The following letter, written by a clergyman, expressing a father's gratitude for the preservation of his daughters, will be read with interest by many:—

"My dear Sir,—I take the liberty of addressing you as a friend, though I do not believe that we ever met, or may ever meet in the body. I cannot but love you for the work in which you are engaged.

"From habits which have grown out of a *small living, a large family to bring up, and a very poor population around me*, I have, too long perhaps, been almost deaf to calls of charity from a distance. But when I had read your papers this morning, and compared the misery which you seek to relieve with the happier condition in which a kind Providence has preserved my own dear daughters, I could not, I dare not resist the impulse to lend some little help to your truly kind and charitable endeavours.

"Fearing lest some cold, selfish, and even domestic consideration, should interfere with my purpose, I ran, as soon as I could, a long mile to our post-office, to get the enclosed order for one pound, which I could heartily wish were ten. Accept it, however, with my earnest prayer, that God may abundantly bless and prosper your endeavours. I do hope and believe that you can scarcely fail of meeting with support, in proportion as your cause becomes known; for what could screw a pound out of me, will surely obtain twenty from many who are richer, and not so habitually penurious as your affectionate friend,

"And obedient servant,

"J. J."

JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

Sweeter, O Lord, than rest to Thee,
While seated by the well,
Was thine own task of love to all
Of grace and peace to tell.

One thoughtless heart that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learned to love, was taught to sigh
For earthly joys no more.

Friend of the lost, O Lord, in Thee
Samaria's daughter there,
Found one whom love had drawn to earth,
Her weight of guilt to bear.

Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
Dear Saviour, by the well,
More than enough the trembler finds
His guilty fears to quell.

There in the blest repose of faith,
The soul delights to see,
Not only one who fully loves,
But *love itself* in Thee.

Where Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The waterbrooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told,
That mystery of love, revealed
At Jacob's well of old.

CHAPTER XVI.

More souls to win.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isaiah i. 18.

Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest heart;
And from the work He once begins
Our God will never part.

A TROPHY OF GRACE.

R. E. M. This young lady, while living in a clergyman's family as governess, became attached to a young man of gentlemanly appearance and manners, who for several months manifested towards her the greatest kindness. Believing him to be sincere in his attachment, she unfortunately fell a prey to his wicked designs, and discovered, to her dismay, when too late, that he was a desperate "swell-mob's man." All her prospects in life were at once blighted; and when the circumstances became known to her friends, they applied for her admission to the "Temporary Home." But for some time she showed no sign of contrition; ultimately, however, the truth penetrated her heart, and she became a child of God.

In process of time she emigrated, and obtained a situation as governess in a family of distinction, where she was made a blessing to the young children, by leading several to Jesus. She is now married, and in good circumstances.

A few days before she left the "Home" for Australia, she wrote me the following letter:—

"My generous Friend,—The thought of leaving your blessed 'Home' is a very bitter one; and though I feel that words can never tell you my deep sense of the value it ever has and will have to me, I cannot help writing to thank you for your unbounded goodness. To you, and those who labour with you, I owe my present happiness; and I am indeed most thankful. You have drawn me from the sad, sorrowing, and sinful position in which I was before I came under your notice; and have been instrumental in leading me to a position in which I trust once more to walk uprightly before God and man.

"Your Christian goodness and sympathy first led me to hope that even for me there might be peace in Jesus. I have sought and found that peace; and now, my good friend, I earnestly beg your prayers for me, that I who have received so many mercies from my heavenly Father, may remember, that to whomsoever much is given, of him will much be required.

"Oh, I do long to tell others of that Saviour who has done so much for me; for I feel sure, since I came to this happy 'Home,' my sins have been blotted out from the book of remembrance, and

written in the book of life. As I look back, and think of what Jesus has done for me, I am amazed; and should like every one else to be as happy as I am. There is salvation for every one, through the atoning blood of Jesus; for I am sure, if any were too vile, I should never have been saved.

"What I owe to this 'Home' eternity alone can reveal. To you, my best of friends, I am indebted for Christian forbearance in my waywardness—love in spite of my impatience—sympathy in affliction—a home in sorrow—and every good thing which the love of Christ could constrain you to show to one the most undeserving.

"Forgive me all my waywardness, and ever pray for me. I thank you a thousand times for what you have done for me; and when thousands of miles away, I shall very, very often think of it.

"Oh, may it encourage you in your self-denying and devoted labours, to remember another brand has been plucked from the burning, another magdalene found her sins forgiven, and another wanderer been brought back to the fold of Jesus.

"May God himself ever reward, bless, guard, and keep you, is the humble and earnest prayer of one who owes to you more than a lifetime can repay."

"I am, yours gratefully,

"R. E. M."

The following letter I received from her a short time before she was married:—

"My kind Friend,—You cannot tell how pleased I was to recognize your well-known hand-writing. It is indeed good of you to trouble yourself to write to me, since your time is always so much occupied. Accept my best thanks—especially for your prayers. God only knows from how many evils I have been kept, and through how many troubles I have been brought, in answer to your petitions, sixteen thousand miles off. I have had a whole chapter of trials since I wrote to you last; and I am more thankful for them, aye, far more, than if very much money had been left me; because they were so many proofs of God's love; for no hand but His could have eased my pain, no word but His could have comforted me. How much that you had said to me, (which I did not quite understand,) came home to me then. Oh, how very frequently do I think of your exhortation to 'Watch!'

"I have had sad news from dear M———. For nearly three months she has been seriously ill; in fact, scarcely expected to recover. But it did rejoice my heart, to see how confidently she wrote of her assurance of an ever-present Saviour. Surely, dear Lieutenant, in Australia you have two witnesses of the blessed usefulness of your labours. Go forward

then, joyfully, with Jesus for your Guide. He will be ever with you, to destroy the strongholds of Satan, and bring back many a wandering sheep to His fold through your instrumentality.

"I am anxious to send you the news early; because I particularly wish your prayers for me. I am expecting to be married at about Easter, to a young man who, I believe, is one with us in Christ Jesus. I told him my position out here very faithfully; for I felt I dare not engage myself to him with deceit in my right hand. Since I told him all, he has been (if possible) more kind than before. I have known him since I first came out. He is engaged in a Government school near here. If the Lord bless our union, I shall have a very large field of usefulness amongst the poorer class, in an ignorant neighbourhood. Charles has no worldly wealth, but such as is derived from his salary (£60 per annum), a small weekly payment from the children, and a new house adjoining the school, consisting of three small rooms, which we are now contriving to furnish with the greatest economy.

"Dear Lieutenant, pray for us both, that we may each seek to spread the glad tidings of a Saviour's love. Charles has promised to write to you by and by; he is now very much pressed for time.

"I have had cheering news from relations; and such a letter from my dear mother as only she could

write me. I cannot help longing to see you all once more; but if not here, I anticipate the day when all God's children will be gathered home.

"I am, yours most thankfully,

"R. E. M."

A WARNING TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

E. G. This young lady was an orphan. Having been invited to visit a relative, she became acquainted with a military officer, who was also a visitor at the same house. Being ignorant of the world, and of a confiding disposition, she was constrained to believe his protestations of affection sincere; and after only a few day's acquaintance, he succeeded in inducing her to elope with him, under a promise that he would marry her.

Before a week had elapsed, however, her friends, after an anxious and diligent search, succeeded in discovering their retreat; who, having some knowledge of this work, brought her to me at once, and she was admitted into the "Female Temporary Home."

The following letter will show that the word spoken there was not in vain:—

"*December* 10*th*, 1855.

"My dear Lieutenant,—I am so much obliged to you for kindly answering my letters. I would not trouble you with them; but I know you take an interest in any who wish to know the truth as it is in Jesus. I know it in one sense; I believe that He came on this earth in the likeness of man, and suffered on the cross: but as to my own individual share in the transaction, I do not seem fully to realize either its importance, or its pleasures. I wish I could feel that Christ was all in all to me; then there would be no room for an earthly affection, which only destroys my peace of mind, and prevents my giving my heart to Him that loved me so much as to die for my redemption, even when I denied Him.

"I think, as you were saying yesterday on a similar subject, the frequent repetition of the sacred doctrines of the gospel makes us indifferent as to their real import. We say, Sunday after Sunday, 'I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost,' often without considering our position in regard to them. If God is my Father, I must obey Him; if God the Son is my Saviour, I must believe in Him as such; and if God the Spirit is the Sanctifier, I must not resist His influences. I am afraid I have trifled long with these weighty matters, and put them off to a more convenient season.

I trust I have begun to run the heavenly race; may I ever look to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. The spirit is willing; but the flesh is weak. Oh, mine is weak indeed! How often I have determined to be less wordly, more attentive in prayer and reading the bible, and in striving to follow Jesus; but I fear I began at the wrong end —trying to get better first, and going to Christ for pardon afterwards. Thank you for your prayers; I hope they may be answered.

"I remain, yours truly,

"E. G."

DEATH OF A POOR CLERGYMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A gentleman informed me, that in a small house near Drummond-street, there lived a clergyman, with his wife and family, in the deepest poverty. I immediately went to see them. It was with some difficulty that I groped my way up the dark and narrow staircase, which led to their apartments at the top of the house. In the back room, surrounded by his family, was the old man, crouched up in bed in a sitting attitude; this being, as I afterwards ascertained, from the nature of his complaint, the most

comfortable posture. Life was fast ebbing away; and it required all his wife's time and strength to attend to his many little requests. The eldest daughter, a fine young woman of eighteen, had been taking care of the children; but rather than see her father dying in want, she had paced the streets of the city and west-end, applying at shop after shop, in the hope of procuring employment as an artificial flower-maker. At length she succeeded.

"There are thirty young women employed there," she said; "and when the mistress is out of the room, all their conversation is about the attention they had received from young men at the ball-room or theatre, and their walk afterwards. All this I could bear with; but the snatches of vulgar songs, and their low-life phrases make me very unhappy."

"I do not wonder at it," I said; "of course you have not been accustomed to such society."

"No, indeed, Sir; for father has always been very particular as to whom I chose for my companions. Sometimes I get very low, and cry all the way home; and when I rise in the morning, I shudder at the thought of what is before me in the day."

"I can sympathize with you," I replied; "for I have known what it is to be placed in the midst of ungodly companions at a tender age."

"I don't know why it is, Sir," she said; "but the thought of our poverty gives me a brave heart; and

I feel I could do anything rather than see my poor father want."

"I am pleased indeed to hear you say so," I remarked; "but I suppose it is not much you earn."

"No, very little, Sir, considering the time I work."

"What are your hours, Miss?"

"I have to be there at seven in the morning, and we usually leave at twelve in the evening; but sometimes it is one or two o'clock the next morning before we can get away. This is in the busy season; but now there is little for us to do; and that is the reason I am at home. I do not mind going early, Sir, if I could only leave in better time; for I am often insulted by gentlemen in the streets."

Having obtained the address of her employers, I called upon them, and politely requested permission to come once a week, for half-an-hour, to read to the young women while at work, offering to guarantee that they should lose no time while I was so engaged. The mistress, to my surprise, readily consented; but her husband objected. The young lady, however, did not long continue in their employ; for the father daily grew worse, and at length expired. She then obtained employment in a school; but in a short time fell into a decline, and died. Both I trust are waiting the resurrection of the just.

I felt it indeed a great privilege to be able to

help this family in their distress, and gave them relief out of the Mission fund for their present emergencies. Thanks to the kindness of friends, the sum of thirty-two pounds was collected for the widow; the other members of the family were also provided for.

"SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."

For some years past, at the request of friends, I have occasionally extended my labours to the provinces, chiefly sea-port towns, where this evil exists to a fearful extent. On one of these occasions, I had taken the steam-boat to Margate; and while distributing my tracts on board, I noticed a crowd of persons assembled at the fore-part of the vessel. There a young man was lying upon a mattress, evidently in the last stage of consumption. He was attended by his wife, who seemed much embarassed by the presence of so many persons—one remarking, "The sea-side will do him good"; another, "A month at Margate will put him all right again"; and so on,—and I therefore thought it best to wait my opportunity. When the crowd had dispersed, I went to his side and asked him how he felt.

"Oh, Sir," he said, "I do not expect to reach Margate alive."

"And if you do not reach it alive; what then, my friend?"

"I feel I am not prepared to die," he replied. "But please God I am spared, I will lead a better life."

"That is what most say in their last extremity. But good resolutions on a death-bed, are but one of Satan's cordials to sooth a troubled conscience; and so well does it answer his purpose with many, that it is said in the Scriptures, "The wicked have no bands in their death."

The poor man looked at me awhile, and then said, "Ah! Sir, that never occurred to me; I have been comforting myself with the thought that God was pleased with my good resolutions."

I now drew closer to him, took out my bible, and pointed to several passages, such as these:—"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"; "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."

The young man seemed desirous of being instructed, and thanked me very feelingly; whilst his wife wept, saying, "I hope it may please God to spare him; for I have no other friend."

On further conversation, I found that for a long time he had been unable to follow his calling, and

they were consequently very poor. The medical man had advised a change of air at the sea-side, and the poor woman had nearly expended her little all to procure the few comforts her husband needed for the journey. The expense of living at Margate, or how they were to return, seemed not to have entered her mind. I gave her half-a-sovereign in the name of the Lord, and assured her, if she only looked to him, they would never be in want. On leaving the boat, I took down the address of their intended lodgings, and gave her my card, telling her that I should be most happy to hear from them.

The following morning, in course of conversation with a gentleman who takes a lively interest in the "Moonlight Mission," I related the circumstances above narrated; when he said, "I could not think of allowing you to bear this expense; I shall feel it a great privilege to refund what you have given this poor deserving woman."

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

A few weeks afterwards the poor woman called upon me, to express her gratitude. "The gentleman at Margate," she said, "has been a true friend to us, and visited my husband till his death."

A PSALM OF LIFE.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER XVII.

"A Servants' Tea Party."

"If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?"

Oftimes, when returning home late at night, I have been pained at observing the numbers of female servants who are in the habit of standing at street-doors, and on area steps—their giddy manner and flippant remarks showing how peculiarly exposed they were to temptation. I had invariably given them tracts, and spoken a word or two of friendly warning; but to stand and converse with them at such places, seemed to me to encourage rather than counteract the evil.

Having well considered the matter, I thought that, under God's blessing, good might be done by inviting a number of them to tea, when an opportunity would be afforded of giving them a few words of kindly advice. Feeling, too, that I ought to begin with my own neighbourhood, I had the following note printed, and sent to every house in Mecklenburg-square :—

"Lieutenant J. Blackmore, R.N., feeling the great necessity there is in the present day for friendly

advice and warning to servants, would affectionately invite the domestic servants of this house to tea (with their master's and mistress's kind permission), at 13, Mecklenburgh-square, on Thursday, August 6th, 1857, at six p.m.

"N.B.—After tea a few addresses will be given by Lieut. Blackmore and other friends.

"Please send the names of those who can attend, and the names of those who cannot."

The result of this invitation was, that at the time appointed, sixteen female servants and a man-servant came. Several teachers from a Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood were also present. After tea, a few minutes was allowed for conversation —all appeared very happy. At a quarter to seven, the Divine blessing having been implored, several friends gave short addresses, and endeavoured to bring the Word of God to bear upon their daily walk and conversation; a hymn was then sung, and the meeting closed with prayer soon after eight o'clock. All seemed truly grateful, and said it was the happiest tea-party they ever attended.

Several ladies and gentlemen, whose servants could not attend, wrote to thank me for the invitation. I regret however to say, that my motives were misunderstood by some; and many were the evil reports put into circulation respecting this tea-party.

A lady met me in the street, and asked, "Is it true, Mr. Blackmore, that you invited all the servants in Mecklenburgh-square to tea?"

"Yes, madam," I replied.

"Well, I have heard sad reports about you. They say that your reason for inviting them, was to find out the family secrets."

"I am sorry my motives should be so misunderstood, ma'am; but I am not surprised that the enemy of souls should be displeased with our little meeting; for I have reason to hope that good was done. Bunyan, I think, used to say, 'The devil never cries out till he is pinched.'"

A gentleman also wrote me an insulting letter, attributing to me almost every evil intention, "under a cloak of piety and religion."

Another gentleman actually went to Clerkenwell police-court, and reported me to the presiding magistrate. The following was his statement, as it appeared in the daily papers, under the head of "Police News":—

"I reside in Mecklenburgh-square. One of my servants has received a note from a Lieut. Blackmore, requesting her, 'with the permission of her master and mistress,' to attend on a certain day, and take tea at a house in the same square. The note also requested all the other servants to attend, and on the

fly-sheet was printed two requests, asking for the names of those who could attend, and also for the names of those who could not attend. Now I can easily imagine what the lieutenant wanted the names of those who could attend for; but what did he want with those who could not attend? Since I have been in court, I have understood that the lieutenant is a respectable man. It is, to say the least of it, a dangerous way of teaching piety."

The magistrate said he thought Lieut. Blackmore confined his operations to quite a different class of females. He would communicate with him on the subject.

The following was my reply to the magistrate's enquiry:—

"13, MECKLENBURG SQUARE,
"*August 4th*, 1857.

"DEAR SIR,—I regret to inform you that your request to have an interview with me this afternoon arrived too late for me to comply with it at once, owing to other arrangements previously made.

"Since your messenger arrived, my attention has been called to a complaint made to you by a Mr. Robinson, the details of which I need not enter into. But, in reply, I beg to state that my only motive for requesting the names of the servants who could not

attend the meeting, was simply to afford such an opportunity of being present at a like meeting which might hereafter take place.

"I have the honor to remain,

"Yours most obediently,

"JOHN BLACKMORE."

The following day I called at the police-court, and explained more fully my motives for convening the meeting, with which the authorities appeared fully satisfied.

In consequence of the evil reports, and the application of this gentleman at the police-court appearing in the public prints, the "Moonlight Mission," for a time, got into considerable disrepute, and several subscribers withdrew their aid. It was moreover reported, when I left Mecklenburg-square for Bayswater, that I was compelled to do so in consequence of the tea-meeting.

"Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," is a precept the Christian has need ever to remember. It did not occur to me, that in the month of August many families are out of town, or I would have chosen some other time. But had I invited the masters and mistresses instead of the servants, no doubt I should have given greater satisfaction.

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen,

nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Luke xiv. 12—14.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Be Zealous."

"He did it with all his heart, and prospered." 2 Chron. xxxi. 21.

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." 2 Tim. ii. 3, 4.

"He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty calls he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at the call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all."

"A WORD SPOKEN IN DUE SEASON, HOW GOOD IS IT!"

One evening, at the top of the Haymarket, I met an interesting young creature, whose delicate frame indicated the probability that she would very soon fall a victim to premature decay. When I explained to her my mission, I had not the least difficulty in gaining her confidence; her tale of suffering and woe was as sad an one as I think I had ever heard, the particulars of which it would not be judicious to give here. She was only seventeen years of age; want of food, and the cold night air had done its deadly work most effectually; and she was then in a very exhausted state. I took her to a coffee-house, and gave her some refreshment; her expressions of gratitude for which were enough to soften the hardest heart, and afforded me a peculiar opportunity of placing before her "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and His suitability to the need of every sinner. She said little in reply; but evidently listened with much attention; and I could see, from

her efforts to suppress her feelings, and the tears which stood in her eyes when she looked up, that the word had gone home. I have never seen her since. Most likely, long ere this, the cold hand of death has laid her body in the grave; but her spirit,—ah, where is that? Who can tell that the gracious Spirit of God may not, that night, have opened her heart to receive the message, and that I shall not, even yet, meet her again before the throne of God. In her lifetime, poor girl, she had endured much misery; one wrong step had caused all her friends to turn their backs upon her,—

> "Sisterly, brótherly,
> Fatherly, motherly
> Feelings had changed:
> Love, by harsh evidence,
> Thrown from its eminence;
> Even God's providence
> Seeming estranged."

But not "seeming estranged" then. Oh, no; for while singing the praises of God throughout eternity, she will remember that "when her father and her mother forsook her, then the Lord took her up."

I shall never forget her look of gratitude, nor the pressure of that thin hand, when I wished her good bye.

How pleasant a thing it is to speak of Christ! As I came away, I felt the truth of that divine

proverb,—"A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth; and a word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

TRACTS IN ENVELOPES.

While in the coffee-house above mentioned, a circumstance occurred, the remembrance of which has always been to me a source of much encouragement. At the opposite table to the one at which the young woman and myself were seated, I observed a group of young men in conversation—one holding in his hand what seemed to be a tract.

"A warning to young men and women," said one of the company.

"I have seen that before," said another. "The first time I read it, it made me cry like a child. Ah, you may laugh," he added, addressing himself to two or three who seemed inclined to ridicule; "it is an awful story, I can tell you." He then took the tract out of the hand of the young man, and gave it to one of them; it was handed round, and all read it.

This tract, enclosed in envelopes, I have been in the habit of distributing for many years, and has been singularly honoured of God. It relates the sudden and awful death of a young woman in a house of ill fame, and the remorse and mental anguish of

the young man, her co-partner in sin, when he came to the house and discovered that she had suddenly expired.

As I walked home that night, I felt much encouraged as I thought of that text, — "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccles. xi. 6.

Then "let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

"THE NEGLECTED AND DESPISED ARE MOST GRATEFUL FOR SYMPATHY."

I have heard it said by some, that young women of this class are so hardened by sin as to be utterly insensible to kindness; and that if they ever give vent to expressions of gratitude for sympathy shown them, they have some sinister reason for doing so. This is a mistake: at least, so far as my experience goes. True: I have found most of these girls very "slow of heart to believe" in disinterested kindness; they have seemed to me as though they believed we were living in a world of sharks, and that men and women lived by preying on each other. Some have

said, "It is too good to be true"; others, "We know you men too well, to place any confidence in you." A smart young woman, whom I very recently met in Regent-street, said to me, (referring to the "midnight meetings,") "It is all very well for you men to stand up on a platform, and say, 'My dear young friends,' and then button up your coats, go home in a cab, and lay down on a feather bed. You don't care that for us afterwards," she said, snapping her fingers.

But this I can say: during thirteen years' experience in this work, I have ever found, even in the worst cases, that there is "a chord which loving kindness *can* reach, and waken to responsive tones"; only let them be assured of the *reality* of your friendship, and there will be no lack of gratitude; indeed, I have often witnessed in them a forcible illustration of the truth taught us by the Lord Jesus in the parable of the two debtors—that to whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much.

A constant correspondence is kept up with the young women after they leave the "Homes," and the most touching expressions of gratitude are received from them. One has come to hand while this sheet is passing through the press; it is from a young lady who was formerly an inmate of the "Female Temporary Home"; she has for several years been holding a responsible situation as governess in a gentleman's family in Australia. Her autobiography will be

found at page 133 of this book. The letter just received breathes a most ardent and grateful remembrance of the kindness of "Home friends." She writes,—"Give my love to all in the 'Home.' Tell the girls not to neglect the golden opportunity now offered them, of acquainting themselves with their God. I wish I could fly over to you some evening. I think of you much on Mondays and Wednesdays, and picture you in the chair reading, and wonder who is occupying my old seat at the corner of the table. God be with you at all times; and while watering the souls of others, may your own soul be plentifully watered."

And these expressions of gratitude are not confined to those young women, who, after receiving the benefits of the "Homes," have gone out into life again, and recovered their position in society. But many whom I have failed to induce to enter either of the institutions, have nevertheless expressed their appreciation of the interest shown on their behalf.

I remember, on two occasions, during my midnight cruises, having been attacked by swell-mob's men; and in both instances was protected by these young women. The first occurred in the Haymarket. I was engaged in distributing tracts, and conversing with both sexes, as opportunity offered; when one of these men came up to me, very much excited, and with insulting language, threatened to knock me

down. It happened that a young woman whom I had often spoken to, was passing at the time; being attracted by the noise, and seeing my position, she stepped between us, and dared the man to touch or insult me, saying, "If you don't know that gentleman, you ought to know. He is the friend of us girls, and is not ashamed to be seen speaking to us." The man then apologized. I gave him a tract, and after a little conversation passed on.

The second case occurred in the New-road. I was engaged as before described, when a member of the swell-mob came up to me, uttering violent threats. A tall Scotch woman, with whom I had just been conversing, turned back and said, "If you touch that gentleman, you shall measure your length on the pavement." [She seemed quite equal to the task.]

"Oh," he replied, "he's your friend, is he?"

"Yes; and he will be yours, too, if you want one."

She then told him my name; and we conversed together as freely as though nothing had happened. I spoke to him faithfully about his soul, and when we parted he shook hands with me.

AN IMPOSTOR DETECTED.

Some years ago a friend of mine, a gentleman of wealth and largeness of heart, was in the habit of

acting on the words of the Lord in the 5th of Matthew, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away." This he did in all godly simplicity, and, as he believed, in obedience to the Word of God. Whatever may be the true meaning of the text, I confess I could never reconcile my mind to act on this principle. I think we should exercise prayerful consideration, and, when practicable, make enquiries into the circumstances of each case, and always give in the name of the Lord. In 1856, I received the following begging-letter, which illustrates the necessity of this; it is given here in the hope that it may prove a wholesome warning to the benevolent, whose kindness is so frequently abused by designing persons:—

October 27th, 1856.

"HONOURED SIR,—I beg to apologise for the liberty I take in addressing you.

"It is about sixteen years since you served in the E——, in which ship my lamented husband, A. B. C——, was assistant-surgeon; whom the Almighty, in His unbounded wisdom, was pleased to remove from this sinful world, leaving me with four children.

"Having several times heard my husband regret the calamity which befel his messmate, Lieutenant Blackmore, after he left the E——, and the eulogistic

manner he spoke of you, has induced me to make this application to you, in preference to any other gentleman who knew my dear husband during his service, for a little assistance in my present trouble.

"One of my daughters, who was blind, and always in a delicate state of health, I have lately buried. My second daughter was seriously ill for a length of time, and the doctor advised change of air as the only means of saving her life. This caused me to incur a great outlay. My pension being small, and expenses lately very heavy, I could ill afford it out of my limited means, and it has left me so embarrassed, that I am compelled to apply to some kind friend for a little help, and I know no one I could ask, or would my motive better appreciate, than my late husband's kind and respected messmate.

"Your kindly granting me a little aid, will I hope be the means of rendering a distressed family once more happy.

"Trusting the Almighty will bless and reward you in the world to come, is my sincere prayer.

I am, Sir,

"Yours humbly,

"E. C."

As soon as I received the above, I enclosed it, with a letter of enquiry, to a friend living a short distance

from my supposed deceased messmate. Two days later I received the following reply:

29th October, 1856.

"My dear Blackmore,—I received your letter of yesterday, and all enclosures quite safe. I am glad to hear from you. I hope you are all quite well, as you do not say anything to the contrary.

"I am happy to say our old friend, A. C——, is alive and well, and his wife and family far from being in want, and therefore conclude you have been very grossly imposed on, and trust you will punish the impostor.

"I am happy to hear your institution is progressing satisfactorily; though it is not in my power to assist you in it, beyond my good wishes.

"Accept my best regards for your mother, wife, and yourself,

"And believe me, yours very truly,

"J. H."

By the same post, I also sent a letter to the supposed widow; but not to the address given me by the impostor. The following is her husband's reply:—

29th October, 1856.

"My dear Blackmore,—It is most satisfactory to find one has kind friends ready to sympathise with

one's widow and family in case of need. The gratification afforded me by the above, induces me to thank you for your very kind sympathy and friendly condolence with my supposed widow and her four children, (the number of the latter being the only correct part of the account you have received of me,) on the occasion of my imaginary demise, of which, through the instrumentality of our mutual friend, J—— H——, I find you have been informed, (or rather, happily, misinformed); but what could possibly have given rise to such a report, I am utterly at a loss to form even the slightest conjecture.

"I am happy to say that I am (thank God for it) alive and in good health, with plenty of spirit and vigour to work for my youthful family; and sincerely hope that you and yours are equally blessed.

"My wife begs to add to mine her warmest thanks for the kindly interest you have evinced in her behalf; and with our united kind regards, and best wishes to Mrs. Blackmore and yourself,

"I remain, most sincerely yours,

"A. B. C."

A few days later, I also received the following letter from the same gentleman:—

3rd November, 1856.

"My dear Blackmore,—I have just received for perusal, and transmission to you the enclosed villainous

composition, which proves (were proof indeed wanting), that there are very wicked people in the world.

"This letter, which I had not seen when I wrote to you, is evidently a begging-letter imposition, and it is very fortunate you were not sufficiently imposed upon to be victimized, as I dare say most philanthropic and benevolent people too often are; and I should commend you for taking steps for putting a prosecution of the base impostor in train. It is evident that the individual knows something of us both, as all the dates and circumstances are sufficiently correct to bear a semblance of truth; but it seems quite impossible to form any conjecture as to the individual from whom it emanates; and I can only again thank you for the kind sympathy shown by you in the case of my supposed widow.

"We hope Mrs. Blackmore and your little ones are well, and with our united kind regards to her and yourself,

"Believe me to be ever sincerely yours,

"A. B. C."

Thus, by a little prompt enquiry, was an imposition discovered, which might have deprived some worthy person of relief greatly needed.

JESUS SAID,

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN, AND FORBID THEM NOT, TO COME UNTO ME, FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

THERE are phases of this missionary work, which are peculiarly calculated to call forth the compassion of those who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious"; but no feature of it has elicited my sympathy more, than the sight of a young girl, who, in an hour of weakness, had been led astray, and then abandoned by her betrayer, with an infant in one arm, to struggle with the hard, unsympathizing world with the other. It is indeed a pitiable sight, and has a peculiar claim on the sympathy of Christians.

Frequently, during my midnight cruises, have I met with young women so situated; many of whom had once been respectable servants — some, governesses—and others decoyed from their homes at a very tender age. To save the mother from sinking lower and lower in sin, and to save her infant from the contaminating influence of evil example—that both may be taught "the way of life"—is surely a double act of mercy. The remembrance of the good done in this way, under God's blessing, during the last thirteen years, fills my heart with gratitude to Him, and to those friends who have

kindly entrusted me with funds, to be disposed of as He might direct. But for the ability thus reposed in me, many a poor girl, who longed to leave her course of sin, and support herself and child by honest toil, would have been compelled to continue her pilgrimage of woe, and most likely have dragged her offspring down to perdition with her.

When I have not been successful in prevailing upon the relations or friends of these young women to take charge of the infant, I have been in the habit of putting it out to nurse with some Christian woman, until the mother is able to support it.

In this department of the work, much prayerful consideration is necessary; lest the merciful act of providing a home for the innocent babe, should even *seem* to encourage the evil which we seek to remedy. But we have this word to encourage us, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Much faith in God, too, is necessary; for the fear will arise in the mind, that perhaps the mother will forsake her child, and leave it on one's hands. "Have faith in God," answers every misgiving, if that which we undertake be done with a single eye to His glory. But (to their credit be it said) not once, during thirteen years' experience in this work, have I known a young woman forsake her offspring.

A MIDNIGHT CRUISE BY A LADY.

From time to time, several Christian ladies have requested permission to accompany me in my "cruises." The following is written by one who takes much interest in the "Moonlight Mission," and who had made it a subject of prayer for two years, that God would give her the required grace to engage in this missionary work :—

After committing ourselves to the care of our heavenly Father, and asking His blessing on that in which we were about to engage, at ten o'clock, p.m., in company with Lieutenant Blackmore and another friend, I started on my first "midnight cruise."

On arriving at Regent-circus, we took our course along Regent-street, distributing tracts enclosed in envelopes, which were generally well received.

Our route lay along Windmill-street. Here we entered one of those casinos so numerous in the west-end; the sight of which was most bewildering. If one can imagine such a thing as mental electricity, some notion might be formed of my feelings on entering

such a dazzling scene. The brilliancy of the lights, many times repeated by the panelled mirrors with which the ceiling and walls were lined—the crimson and gilt decorations—the excellent music—the gay dresses—and the gaiety of those who wore them—altogether formed a dazzling *coup d' œil*, which could scarcely fail of affecting the most unimpulsive person, and to the gay and thoughtless must be a great attraction; but, like the "apples of Sodom," though seductive to the eye, they contain nought but ashes.

Having ascended the gallery which surrounds the room, we took our seats for a time, and watched the dancers, who seemed as though they were endeavouring to drown thought in the excitement of the scene. There were many in this place whose forms and countenances showed some of God's fairest creations, who, but for their fall, might have been the bright ornaments of many happy firesides, beloved by their families and friends; but who, instead of this, had become the outcasts of society.

With a sad heart I contemplated these fallen sisters—compelled, for a livelihood, to smile upon those who had rendered them what they were, homeless, helpless, and wretched. "Oh, I never think of such things," was the exclamation of one of these "unfortunates"; when I asked her how she thought she would feel, if she knew that she were going to die that night.

In surveying the gay dancers, I thought too, with horror, of those who were making a gain of pandering to vice, by attracting numbers nightly to this mart of the devil. Is it possible they can ever think that there is a day of reckoning coming, when they will have to stand before the Judge of all, face to face with those whom they have been helping on in the road which leads to destruction?

After leaving this place, we found the streets crowded, as though it had been mid-day instead of mid-night. The theatres had just closed, and we had a good opportunity of distributing our tracts; in some instances we were asked for them. Not one insulting word was spoken to me during the whole of the night, though sometimes joking questions were asked as to the purport of the papers offered.

At about one o'clock, we met at a place previously agreed upon, and returned homewards. Lieutenant Blackmore spoke to several young women, who seemed both tired and disgusted with their manner of life. One remarked, "It is nearly time to give it up; for there is nothing to be got by it." I felt sad indeed, to hear such a wretched life spoken of, as though it were a mere matter of business.

At nearly half-past one o'clock we reached our destination; and I think I shall never forget my first painful experience of "London by moonlight."

No one can thoroughly realize what this great city is at midnight, unless they witness it themselves.

Jesus beheld the city of Jerusalem, and wept over it; but, alas, how few of the followers of Jesus manifest any concern about the sin which surrounds them on every side.

Doubtless many objections will be offered to ladies engaging in this work; but souls are perishing for lack of knowledge; and though it is a difficult task, the Lord, whose work it is, will supply the grace needed. Going forth in His name, He will watch over and protect the weakest who trust entirely in Him. Whilst, then, immortal souls are perishing, when the Spirit prompts to enter upon this work, no sense of weakness or fear should deter. Shall we call ourselves *servants*, and refuse to obey our Master's command, when he says, "Go forth, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

"Not every one that *saith* unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. vii. 21.

MEMORANDUM.

ADMISSIONS to the "Homes," *gratis*, are reserved for personal applications by the young women, and for those brought in by myself and friends engaged in the work. When Christians interest themselves in particular cases, and communicate with us by letter, or otherwise, *donations should be sent previously;* so that there may be no refusal at the doors.

At the "Female Temporary Home," we receive cases for three months for a donation of ten pounds. For cases requiring *special* attention, terms and arrangements may be made according to the circumstances of the case.

At the "London Female Dormitory," cases are admitted for three months for a donation of five pounds.

JOHN BLACKMORE, R.N.

Letters should be addressed to 218, Marylebone Road, N.W.

Post-office orders should be made payable to Lieutenant JOHN BLACKMORE, R.N., Post Office, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

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A Great Mistake
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